URAL–TROY: THE BOOK OF BEGINNINGS

The Bashkir Language as a Key to the Prehistory of Humankind

Annotation

This book is not an academic work in the usual sense. It is an investigation. It is a journey into the depths of words and meanings, beginning from a single sound and unfolding into a whole picture of human prehistory.

The Bashkir language is treated here not as one of many, but as a key to understanding how man began to speak, how myths, religions and civilisations were born. The Ural appears not as a periphery, but as the twisted axis of the world — the ancestral homeland from which the Huns, Aryans, Teucrians and Bashkirs emerged. Troy, which was sought in Asia Minor, turns out to be the Ural. Zarathustra speaks the language that is today called Bashkir. The name of Christ is an icy crystal. And the ethnonym "Turk" means not a people, but a military detachment.

The authors weave a net in which etymology, mythology, genetics and archaeology converge at a single point. This book is a manifesto. It does not ask for agreement. It demands thought.

Prologue

Who among us loves facts? Who loves historical facts? And if those facts are about you, about your ancestors, then they are especially hateful. There is no one who likes the truth in an unflattering form. There are no people who like the truth about themselves. Or perhaps they simply do not know these facts, prefer not to know them.

Every epoch has its own inconvenient truth. The one people prefer not to notice. The one that breaks neat schemes and forces textbooks to be rewritten. This book is about such a truth.

We are used to thinking that the history of mankind is the history of East and West. That civilisation was born in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, China. That languages spread from several centres like ripples on water. That there are "great" language families and "small", peripheral ones, which only borrow and never give.

This book says: everything was otherwise.

There is a language that preserves within itself traces of the very emergence of human speech. There is a land that was the ancestral home not of one people, but of an entire linguistic and cultural ecumene. There is a system in which etymology, mythology, genetics and archaeology converge at a single point — and that point lies in the Ural.

That language is Bashkir.

That land is Bashkortostan.

The book you are holding is not a scholarly treatise in the customary sense. It is an investigation. It is a journey into the depths of words and meanings. It is an attempt to look at world history not from an assumed "centre", but from the Ural ridge — and to see that it was here, on this twisted stone axis, that the knots were tied which later spread across all of Eurasia.

We will be criticised. We are already criticised. There will hardly be academic authorities ready to admit that Troy stood in the Ural, that Zarathustra spoke the language we now call Bashkir, that the name of Christ is an icy crystal, and that the ethnonym "Turk" meant not a people, but a military detachment.

But the truth is not obliged to be pleasant. It is obliged to be the truth.

The ordinary man is yabai. He does not need to rack his brains over why red is red. Red exists, and that is enough. The ordinary man will not wonder about the stars: they shine, and that is enough. He will not go deep into the origin of words — it is enough for him to know that the Bashkir language is ancient. And that is all.

Etymology is not for the ordinary man. A slogan like "the Bashkir language knows everything" or "the Ural is the ancestral home of mankind" is enough for him. He repeats these words without asking "why?". He does not need to sort out sound shifts, prothetic h-sounds, or the diphthongs we utter without noticing them. He takes everything on faith, or not at all.

Sceptics demand academic formulas. Even when they are given proof, they wave it away, because the proof does not fit the mainstream. They are not ready to admit that the Bashkir language has preserved the most ancient mechanisms of word formation, mechanisms that official linguistics has lost. They are not ready to admit that the Ural is not a periphery but a centre. That Troy stood here. That Zarathustra spoke the language we now call Bashkir.

It is easier for them to live in captivity to the mainstream. Easier to repeat the conclusions of others than to verify them for themselves.

But the truth does not need their permission. It exists whether they recognise it or not. If you are ready to think, this book is for you. If not, remain with the slogans. Only do not say later that no one showed you the way.

Perhaps you are now standing at a crossroads. One road leads to simple slogans: "the Bashkir language is ancient", "the Ural is the ancestral home". That road is easy. The other leads to questions: why has the language preserved what others have not? Why the Ural, and not the Altai or the

Middle East? Why do the words we utter every day turn out to be keys to myths and religions?

We will not drag you along the second road. We will simply walk it ourselves. If you wish, you will follow. If not, you will remain on the first. That is not weakness, and not cowardice. It is a choice each person makes for himself.

But if you are still reading these lines, the choice has already been made. The question has already sprouted within you. And it will not leave you in peace until you find the answer.

This book is about the beginning.

About the first sound uttered by man.

About the first land he called home.

About the first God he saw in ice and snow.

This book is about Başqort. About all of us.

Book I. Sound

Chapter 1. Ö — the first breath

In the beginning there was no idea of "standing". There was no verb, no action, no impulse. In the beginning there was the firm ground itself, on which one could stand. The first sound uttered by a primate — ö — was not a cry, but a name. The name of a separate, solid object. A stone. A bone. A lump of earth. Something that exists by itself, that does not flow and does not melt.

In the eastern dialect of the Bashkir language, instead of öś people still say öh. The interdental sounds ź and ś in living speech are drawn together into an exhalation, into an aspiration. And this is not corruption, not simplification. It is memory. Öh is that very first breath from which the word was born. Öź — to tear off, to separate. Üź — self, one's own. Üś — growth. Os — a point, a top, flight, taking off from the ground. Öś — surface, the upper side.

Look closely: these are not different roots. This is the unfolding of one first sound. From the firm ground on which one can stand — to growth, to a point, to separation, to oneself. In Swedish, ö means "island". The same separate solid object. The same firm ground surrounded by water. The same support in the midst of the flowing.

And now see how the prothetic aspiration expands this root, giving birth to new vocabulary. Haź — a marsh, a pond. A separate body of water that stagnates, that pulls, that sucks in. Haśıq — stagnant, rotten. No longer simply water, but water separated from the current, water that has lost its movement. The very water that Ural-batyr forbade people to drink. Hat — to

sell, to give away, to separate from oneself. Here the root of firmness and separation turns toward exchange, toward alienation. Hut — juice, that which is squeezed out, separated from the fruit. Höt — milk, also separated, drawn out from the living. All of this is one chain: to separate, to squeeze out, to single out, to stagnate, to give away. The firm ground, which at first was simply a support, begins to break apart, to give away parts of itself, and each part receives its own name through aspiration.

And here is one more word that binds everything together: eź — brass, an alloy. And heź — you (plural). This is not a chance resemblance. "You" is an alloy of separate people into a single whole. A multitude of hard, separate "I"s join together, like copper and zinc, and a new metal emerges — community, society. The prothetic aspiration adds to the root of alloying a sign of animation, of address. You — this is a living alloy, an alloy of souls, in which each one keeps his own hardness, but together they form something stronger.

The row eź — eź — heź continues the same thought. Eź — a trace, an imprint, a stamp, a print. It is the trace of a separate solid object, left on something soft. From traces an alloy is formed, and from an alloy "you" is born.

And now — a remarkable pair: beź — we, and the Russian bez — without. In Bashkir, beź means "we", that very living multitude, an alloy of separate "I"s. But in Russian, bez is a preposition and prefix meaning absence, deprivation. How can they be relatives? Like this: "we" is the circle in which you are present. "Without" is everything that remains outside the circle, outside the alloy. Bäkhet-heź — without happiness: a person has fallen out of happiness, as if out of a circle, and is left outside. Beź is the inner space, the common alloy. Bez is the outer, the deprived, the separated from the alloy. Both words go back to an ancient root, in which labial consonants and the prothetic aspiration created opposites: to be inside the circle and to be outside the circle. "We" — those who are inside. "Without" — that which is outside.

Thus man began to think. Not from action, but from the object. Not from the idea of "standing", but from that on which one can stand. And it is the Bashkir language that has preserved this better than any other.

Chapter 2. The Scent That Fell from the Sky

Man is a primate. We do not like to say it, but it is so. We are primates that once breathed in something they had never breathed before. A scent. A spirit.

A meteorite fell to the earth and brought with it ice and iron. Boź and timer. An icy crystal. Icy Cristal. It lay on the ground and gave off a scent — yeś. Not simply the smell of a substance. The smell of another world. The smell of the sky.

The primate came closer. He sniffed. Añq — it smells. And at that moment something changed in his brain. The scent awakened memory — iś. The scent left a trace — eź. The scent mixed with breath — iź. And for the first time the primate felt himself not simply a body, but something greater. He felt spirit.

We are the children of that scent. All our culture, religion, civilisation — it is an attempt to hold on to, to preserve, to reproduce that very first scent. The scent of ice and iron. The scent of the sky fallen to the earth.

In winter, when people gathered in caves, the scent grew thicker. Breath, sweat, smoke, wind — everything mixed into one common spirit. Din — religion, and den — cave. A cave smells. And that scent binds people together. Yeź — brass, alloy, mixture. We are an alloy of the heavenly and the earthly. We are those who remember the scent of the meteorite.

God is ice. Boź. Boh. The icy crystal brought from the sky. Jesus — Icy Cristal. That very ice that smells. Scent is the presence of God. His breath. His spirit.

And when we say "spirit", we say "scent". When we say "soul", we say "breath". When we say "memory", we say "the trace of a scent". Everything is connected. Everything is one.

The primeval primate who breathed in the scent of the meteorite became man. He began to gather in caves not only for warmth, but for a common spirit. That spirit, that scent, that mixture of breath and vapour made him more intelligent. Thought was born in closeness, in warmth, in shared air saturated with bodies and smoke. Scent was the projection of society. Many bodies — one scent. Many people — one people.

Thus the scent that fell from the sky became the beginning of human society. It is no accident that in our language yeś means scent, iś means memory, yeź means alloy, and iź means to knead, to mix. This is one root, one matrix. We are those who breathed in and remembered. We are those who mixed and survived. We are those who still seek that scent in temples, in fires, in incense, in koumiss, in a mother's breath.

Chapter 3. Әйт — Call and Response

The world did not begin with silence, but with a call. The first man did not yet know words, but he already knew how to call. He made a short, sharp sound — әй. It was not a cry of pain, not a growl, but precisely a call: turn around, come closer, be near. We still utter it when we ask again or hail someone. We say "ә?" when we did not hear, and we stretch "әәә" when we understand. The same sound, the same ancient call.

To this call the verb it — to do, to perform an action — was joined. Two words merged, two vowels collided, and әйт was born — say, speak. Thus the call became a word, and the word became a request to speak.

Widen the vowel and you get ай — the moon, the month. The one that gathers light into a single circle. In English, I is the first person pronoun, while Bashkir min means "I", and moon is the moon. Oneness in solitude: I and the moon both shine with reflected light. The answer to the call became әйе — yes. In English the old aye remains. The same ancient call, frozen in language.

Man called — the other answered. To the call әй responded the sound әү — to turn around, to turn toward the caller. Widen the vowel, and now ау — gathering, catching, nets. Everyone together, gathered into one. But where there is gathering, there is crowding. Where there is crowding, there is pressure. With aspiration hay — to press, to milk, and also healthy, whole. Density gives birth to health. The whole is always dense.

The Bashkir language likes to narrow vowels. From hay grows ныҕыу — to squeeze, to press out. From науым — milking — comes ныйыр — a cow, the one that is milked. In Swedish this word became sigir, and from it in English — cattle, livestock. From ныт — to squeeze — is born нөт — milk and нут — juice. That which is pressed out, separated from the living, is milk. And that which is pressed out of a plant is juice. One root, one essence.

But let us return to the beginning. From ау, through narrowing, came ыу — to rub, to grind, sour, biting, poison. With aspiration — ныу — water. Not just water, but standing water, stagnant water. The very water that Ural-batyr forbade people to drink. Drinking water was аҡ ныу — clean, flowing water. From this came Old Germanic akhwo — flowing water, Latin aqua, French eau. All of this is water that moves, that does not stagnate.

But let us not forget: before әй and әү there was ө. The first sound, the first breath. From it, through iotation, is born өй — home, gathering into a heap. In Swedish ö is an island, in French eau is water. Through rhotacism — өр — to blow, to bark. Widening gives ар — an open mouth. Narrowing gives ир — gently, tenderly, with a smile. Only a woman could call a man ир, ирем, stretching her lips as if in a smile.

The root ир is a man, a husband, but also will, freedom. Ирәү — noble. Иреү — to melt, to free oneself. Ирәүләү — sleepwalking, free wandering in sleep. Ирек — will. Иркә — spoiled, free. Иренеү — to be lazy, that is, to act willfully, self-willed. All of this is one impulse, one breath.

From this same root, through the glottal stop, grow көр — well-fed, fat, swollen, and гөр — proud, haughty. Көркә — a turkey, an important creature. Көршәк — a pot, round, puffed up. The same density, the same excess of force that we heard in the first ө.

And finally, the feminine. Ҡыҙ (Qyth/Qyz)— a maiden. Ҡыҙыл — red. Ҡыҙыу — hot, passionate. Ҡыш (Qysh) — winter, burning, frost that bites. Ҡыҫ (Qyth/Qys)— to squeeze. In ancient Greek ψυχή is soul, and ψῦχος is frost.

Soul and cold are connected just as heat and frost are connected. It is all one field, in which maiden and winter, heat and cold, breath and soul are interwoven. Kore, goddess of the underworld waters, daughter of Shulgan, our Nərkəs. Her name is the same root as fertility, moisture and death. All of this is our net, our Ural.

Chapter 4. The Word That Bound Everything

There is in the Bashkir language a root that is itself an action. Iź — to knead, to press, to mix. This is the first thing man does with matter: he presses it, joins it, turns the different into the one. From this root a whole universe of words was born, and all of them are about binding.

Let us begin with the simplest. It — meat. That which is chewed, kneaded by the teeth. In English eat — to consume. The same logic: food is that which is kneaded. Eş — work, occupation. Work is also kneading, mixing, remaking the world with one's hands. Eź — a trace, an imprint. A trace is a dent left by something hard in something soft. Iś — memory, consciousness. Memory is a trace pressed into the mind. Yeś — a smell. A smell is something pressed into the air, something that enters us. Yeź — brass, an alloy. An alloy is a mixture pressed into one. Iş — to weave. To weave is to knead threads, to join them into cloth.

All of this is one matrix. Man kneads, mixes, blends — and so the world is born: meat, work, trace, memory, smell, alloy, weaving. But the most astonishing thing lies ahead.

Take the root ıq — to cling, to press oneself, to lean. With aspiration — hıq — to press, to squeeze, to embrace. And now — hek — sex. Connection, embrace, the squeezing together of two bodies. From this same root — higeź — eight. Why eight? Because the figure eight is a symbol of infinity, a sign of joined rings, a sign of marriage and multiplication. Sex is division and multiplication. From two bodies a third is born, and so on without end. It is no accident that Latin secare — to cut, to chop, to separate — and German Säge — a saw — go back to the same root. Sex and cutting are one: to divide, to multiply. Eight is infinity, because through sex life divides and continues.

From the same root comes text. Latin textilis — cloth, weaving, binding. Cloth is woven, threads are kneaded, braided. A text is woven words. Tkat' — from the root tıq — to poke, to thrust. A weaver pokes the shuttle, stitches threads together. Tegeü — to sew in Bashkir. English tag — to fasten, to attach. Tağı — again, once more: a chain of links, repetition. Tağıw — to hook, to attach. All of this is one thing: joining, linking, weaving. The word that bound everything is precisely iź.

And here is one more facet. Test' — father-in-law. Testo — dough. Both words are about mixing. The father-in-law is the one who mixed his kin with

another. Dough is flour mixed with water. From this same place come qamır — dough, and qamış — reed. Why reed? Because once flour was obtained from reeds. And qamış goes back to qawış — to copulate, to join. Everything is interwoven: dough, reed, father-in-law, cloth, text, sex.

And finally, yep — a thread. From this comes the famous Russian mat, meaning sexual contact. Connection through a thread. To poke, to thrust, to fasten, to weave. This is not vulgarity. It is the oldest language of the body, preserved in the word.

Thus one word — iź — bound everything: meat and work, trace and memory, smell and alloy, weaving and cloth, sex and text, dough and father-in-law, thread and reproduction. This is the matrix. This is the Bashkir language. A language that remembers how man first kneaded clay and shaped the world.

Book II. Earth

Chapter 5. The Ural — the Twisted Axis

The Ural is not simply mountains. It is an axis. Twisted, coiled, braided from stone and time. Its very name says so, if only one listens.

In the Bashkir language uraw means to wind, to wrap, to roll up. Üreü means to weave, to twist. Ürel — woven, plaited. The Ural is woven land, twisted into a single ridge. It is no accident that in English whorl means a curl, a vortex, a spinning wheel. The same root, the same spiral. The world coils around an axis, and that axis is the Ural.

The man who first saw these mountains did not say "high" or "stony". He said "twisted". Because the Ural truly looks like the back of a huge beast curled into a ring. Or like a rope thrown from the sky to the earth and frozen. Or like a scroll in which the beginning of the world is hidden.

We have already spoken of the first sound ö — of the firm ground on which one can stand. The Ural is that firmness raised to the scale of the earth. A vertical around which everything else turns. Tora — it stands. Tormoş — life. Toraq — a camp, a dwelling. All of this comes from one root. The Ural is tora. Standing. Immovable. The axis that holds the world.

But an axis is never bare. It is wrapped by a serpent. We have already said this: snake and spear, snake and phallus, snake and caduceus. The Ural is stone wrapped in rivers. Look how rivers flow from it — the Ağizel, the Ural, the Chusovaya, the Miass. They do not run straight. They twist like serpents. They coil around the ridge like threads around a spindle. The Ural is a spindle, and the rivers are yarn that comes from it. The world is woven from that yarn.

And here is what matters. In the Bashkir epic, Ural-batyr dies, and his body becomes mountains. A mountain is not a monument, not dead stone. A mountain is life made solid. Ural did not die. He became the axis. He became

that which holds the sky. He became that from which rivers flow. He became that around which roads, peoples and destinies wind.

It is no accident that all our threads lead here, to the Ural. Troy, of which we will speak further, stands here. Zarathustra preaches here. The Huns, the Aryans, the Teucrians — all of them come out of here, like rivers from a single watershed. The Ural is not a border between Europe and Asia, as we were taught. The Ural is the centre. The heart. The axis.

And if you still doubt, look at the map of the starry sky. The ancients called the Pole Star the axis of the world. All the sky turns around it. So the earth turns around the Ural. Because the Ural is that very Pole Star lowered to the ground. The unmoving point around which all living things revolve.

That is why our book begins here. Not in Egypt, not in Greece, not in China. But in the Ural. At the twisted axis on which the world rests. And if you want to understand the history of mankind, you must understand the Ural. And to understand the Ural, you must understand the language that named it. The Bashkir language. The language that still says: uraw — twist, ürel — it wove, tora — it stands. The language that remembers how the world was twisted into one axis and set in its place.

Chapter 6. Tros and Troy

The founder of Troy was named Tros. So says the Greek myth. But we already know: myth is not simply a fairy tale. It is memory stitched into a word. The name Tros needs no translation from Greek. It explains itself through the Bashkir language.

Tros is a rope, a cable, that which is twisted. That which binds. The Ural — from üreü, to weave, to twist. Tros and Ural are one and the same word, one and the same name. The founder of Troy bore a name that meant "Twisted". In other words, his name was Ural.

The Greeks who came from the north brought with them the memory of this name, but lost its meaning. For them Tros became simply a king, the eponym of the city. But for us he remains what he was from the beginning: an axis, a rope, a bond, twisted land. Troy is the city of Tros. The city of the Twisted One. The city of the Ural.

We are used to seeking Troy on the hill of Hisarlik in Asia Minor. Tradition, sanctified by Schliemann's authority, placed it there. But Schliemann dug up some fortress, not Troy. He believed he had found Homer's city, but belief is not proof. The Hisarlik hypothesis belonged not to him, but to Frank Calvert, the Briton who first began digging that hill. Schliemann only pushed another man's guess to its conclusion, and the world believed.

But if we read Homer carefully, everything turns out otherwise. Troy stands where earth and sky meet, where a spring flows, where herds graze, where

people live without knowing death or disease. This is not the Mediterranean. This is the Ural.

Arkaim — there it is, the trace of Troy. Concentric circles, ramparts, moats, meanders carved on pottery. The very city that Poseidon, according to legend, surrounded with five rings: three of water and two of earth. In Arkaim we see those rings. We see not simply a Bronze Age settlement, but a design worthy of a god.

Troy — Ilion. Ilion comes from Bashkir il — land, people, community. Homer's Iliad is a song about a land, not about a city. That land is the Ural. The people who inhabited it the Greeks called Teucrians. Təγ kir — the first people of the earth. Baş kir — the same: baş — head, beginning; kir — land, dry land, from Bashkir yer or qoro — dry, hard. Teucrians and Bashkirs are one name, one essence. Təγ kir and Baş kir — the first people of the earth. This is not coincidence. This is kinship.

And now the war. What was its cause? We are told: the abduction of Helen. But let us think soberly. In pastoral societies, the theft of another man's herd was a grave crime and a severe blow to a neighbour's wealth. Such raids — barımta — were common and often led to war. Helen is not just a woman. She is the personification of wealth, herds, vital force. Her abduction and return is the mythological shell of a real economic war. Homer himself describes the Dioscuri, Helen's brothers, as cattle thieves. Woman and cattle in archaic consciousness were equal as objects of exchange and raiding. The Trojan War was a war for resources, and the romantic version appeared later, when the economic meaning had faded and the myth remained.

The war was so bloody that in memory it remained as a world flood of blood. In the Bashkir epic, Yanbirde and Yanbikä fled to an island precisely from such a war. That war is the Trojan War. Atlantis, which sank under the water, is from the same series. Aeneas, who escaped from burning Troy, carried with him the cult of Liber, the phallic cult. The very cult that the Bashkirs still preserved in the time of Ibn Fadlan. Aeneas brought it to Lavinium, and from there it spread through all Italy. Rome grew out of Troy. And that Troy is the Ural.

So the circle closes. Tros — the Ural. Troy — the Land of Cities. Teucrians — Bashkirs. The Iliad — a song about the land. The Trojan War — a flood of blood from which the ancestors fled. And all of this is not in Asia Minor, b?ut here, on our land.

If you understand this, you will understand why the Bashkir language preserves so much. Because it did not borrow. It remained. It is the language of those who did not leave. Those who remember.

Chapter 7. Arkaim: The Wheel City

There is a place in the Southern Ural called the Land of Cities. In the steppe, at the meeting of the Bolshaya Karaganka and Utyaganka rivers, lies Arkaim — an ancient fortified settlement that from above resembles a wheel with spokes. Two circular walls, one inside the other, radial partitions, moats, ramparts. The dwellings are pressed against one another like spokes, and all of them converge on a centre — a small square. A wheel. But not the wheel of a cart — the wheel of the sky.

Arkaim is built so that its geometry reproduces the structure of the cosmos. The circle is the heavenly vault. The centre is the Pole Star, the axis of the world. The walls are the borders of inhabited space. The moats are the waters that separate the world from chaos. Four entrances are oriented to the cardinal directions, and the lines of streets and walls are laid out according to the rising and setting of the sun on the key days of the year. This is not simply a settlement. It is a model of the universe cast in earth.

We have already said: Troy, according to legend, was built by Apollo and Poseidon. Poseidon himself surrounded it with five rings — three of water and two of earth. Arkaim is that very city girdled with rings. Water and earth alternate, as in the myth. Circular planning, moats, ramparts, radial walls — everything fits. If Troy stood anywhere, it was not on the hill of Hisarlik, but here, in the Ural steppe.

On Arkaim's pottery, archaeologists find the meander — that very pattern we know from Greek vases. The meander is not simply an ornament. It is a symbol of infinity, of eternal return, of the serpent biting its tail. It is the trace of people who carried with them the image of the world as a spiral. People whom we will later meet under the name of proto-Greeks. Or Teucrians. Təγ kir — the first people of the earth. Bashkirs — baş kir, the same first people. Arkaim binds them together.

Look at the outlines of Arkaim. A circle within a circle. A wheel. A swastika? Some researchers see in its layout the most ancient swastika — a symbol of the movement of the sun, of the turning of the year. The meander and the swastika are related signs. Both are about rotation, about infinity, about the bond of times. Both are about the Ural, coiled around its own axis.

Arkaim is dated to the Bronze Age, approximately the twentieth to seventeenth centuries BC. Homer lived in the eighth or seventh century BC. If we count, as we agreed, not nine thousand years from the Trojan War to Homer, but nine hundred, everything fits. Arkaim existed at precisely the time when the war later sung in the Iliad could have thundered. A war not over Helen, but over herds, pastures, metal. The war from which Yanbirde and Yanbikä fled. The war after which the survivors went south and west, carrying with them the meander, the wheel, the memory of the circular city.

The Land of Cities is not Arkaim alone. It is a whole network of settlements built according to a single plan. Sintashta, Ustye, Alandskoye, Bersuat. In

Sintashta the most ancient chariots were found — light, spoked chariots. A chariot is that same wheel placed beneath a rider. It is speed, it is war, it is power. The invention of the chariot changed history. And it was born here, in the Land of Cities, in the Ural.

Why were round cities built? Not for war, though walls and ramparts speak of defence. More likely, for ritual. The circle was a protection not only from enemies, but from chaos. Inside the circle there was order; outside it — the wild steppe, the world of the dead, the world of monsters. To live in a circle meant to live in harmony with the cosmos. And when people left these cities, they carried that image with them. In Greece, in Iran, in India, in Italy — round sanctuaries, round shields, round dances are all memory of one and the same thing: the wheel city, Troy, Arkaim.

And here is what is astonishing. Arkaim was not accidental. It stands in the very place where, by our conviction, the idea of the Ural as an axis was born. Water, earth, sky, wheel, meander, swastika — all of this is not simply archaeology. These are traces of primeval thought, which even then sought the centre of the world. And found it here.

Chapter 8. The Teucrians and the Bashkirs

The Teucrians. That is what the Greeks called the people who inhabited Troy. Listen to that word. Təγ kir. The first people of the earth. Təγ — the beginning, the first. Kir — land, dry land, from Bashkir yer or qoro — dry, hard. Teucrians is not simply the name of a tribe. It is a status. It is the memory that they were first. Those who lived on the primordial land.

We have already said: Başqort is baş kir. Baş — head, beginning. Kir — land. The same meaning as that of the Teucrians. Only the Greeks wrote the word in their own way and lost the precision of its translation. What lies before us is not a chance resemblance, but a calque. The Teucrians and the Bashkirs are one people, called by one and the same name: the first people of the earth.

But where did the Greeks get the memory of the first people? The answer: from Atlantis. Not the Atlantis that people seek in the ocean, but the one built by Poseidon in the form of circles. Atlantis is the Land of Cities. The very place where Arkaim stood.

We can take apart the name Atlantis through Bashkir. At — foundation, horse, atay. Foundation is that on which the world stands. Horse is movement, speed, power. Atay is father. All three meanings meet in one word. Atlantis is the land of fathers, the land of horsemen, the land of the foundation. Atlan — to leap, to mount, to take a step. Atlantis is the land of the first step. From here mankind leapt into history.

Poseidon, the god who built Atlantis, was the patron of horses. He invented horseback riding. He is not a sea god, as he was later made. He is a horse

god, a rider god, a god of steppe power. His city stood not in the ocean, but in the steppe, at the foot of the Ural. The circles with which he surrounded Atlantis we see in the plan of Arkaim. Water and earth, ramparts and moats — everything is in place.

And now the centaurs. Half men, half horses. Who are they, if not riders fused with their horses? The Greeks, who did not know horseback riding, depicted the steppe horsemen as monsters: a man fused with a horse, a centaur. But the centaurs were not monsters. They were teachers. Chiron, the wisest of the centaurs, raised Asclepius, the god of healing. Asclepius himself was a pupil of Chiron. A physician who knew healing herbs, who could draw out poison and heal wounds. This is the same Ural tradition: horse, steppe, knowledge.

Hippocrates. Or Ippocrates? The father of medicine. His name derives from the Greek "hippos" — horse. But now we know: horse is at. At — foundation, father. Ippocrates is not "horse-owner", but "the power of the father", "the foundation of the fathers". In Bashkir, ip means skilful, master. Ippocrates is a skilful lord, a master of healing. Everything fits: Asclepius, Chiron, Hippocrates — one chain, coming from the Ural horsemen.

Aeneas, who fled from Troy, carried with him the cult of Liber, the phallic cult. He also carried the memory of the horsemen, the centaurs, the healers. Rome grew out of that memory. And Troy itself remained here, in the Ural, where herds still graze and every Bashkir knows the price of a horse.

The Teucrians and the Bashkirs are one people. Atlantis is their land. The centaurs are their riders. Asclepius and Chiron are their teachers. Hippocrates is their healer. And all of this is our history, returned to us by language.

Chapter 9. Türk — Not a People, but a Detachment

We have been taught to think that the Turks are a people. A huge, branching people spread from the Altai to the Mediterranean. But in the word "Turk" itself there is nothing ethnic. It speaks not of blood, but of order.

Bashkir törköm means a group, a detachment, a pack. Latin grex means a crowd, a herd, a detachment. Ancient Greek gregorios means awake, watchful. All these words share one root, and that root means not shared origin, but shared action. Gathered together. Moving in one order. Standing shoulder to shoulder.

Tör means to twist, to wind. Törk is something wound, pulled into a knot. A military detachment is just such a knot: people bound by oath, by common cause, by common fate. They did not necessarily speak one language. They were not necessarily relatives. They were a union, a party, an order. Turks were not those born of a Turk, but those who stood under the banner.

Remember Latin pars — a part, a party. The Persians are not a people, but a party. The Aryans — from Arabic ayr — a member, a detachment. The Aryans are members of a union, warriors bound by a vow. Urıś in Bashkir means "a pugnacious man". Rus is not an ethnonym, but a profession: a mercenary, a warrior, a contract soldier. All of these are not names of tribes, but names of structures. When the structures collapsed, the names remained and turned into ethnonyms.

The Huns, the Aryans, the Turks, the Rus — all of them were detachments that came out of the Ural. They carried not so much blood as order. Military order, oath, hierarchy. From these detachments, as from twisted threads, the future was woven.

Look at the Bashkirs. Başqort is not simply a tribe. It is "the chief detachment", "the initial circle", "the first rope". Later this word became an ethnonym, but in essence it still means order, not blood. A Bashkir is one who keeps the order. One who remembers how to stand shoulder to shoulder.

Törk and toraq share one root. Toraq is a camp, a stopping place, a dwelling. A detachment stops for the night, pitches camp, and that camp is called toraq. Later the camp becomes a city, the city a capital, the capital an empire. But at the base of it all is a detachment that once pitched camp at the foot of the Ural.

The Greeks who came from the north were also such a detachment. Greek — from grex — a crowd, a detachment. They came not as a people, but as a host. And they became a people only later, when they settled and forgot who they had been.

Thus the Turks, the Greeks, the Persians, the Aryans, the Rus — all of them came from one root. From a detachment. From a twisted rope that we call the Ural. This is not poetry. This is etymology. Language remembers what history has forgotten.

Chapter 10. The Aryans, the Rus, the Bashqort (Bashkir)

We have already said that ancient names were not names of peoples, but names of structures. A detachment, a party, a union, a military brotherhood. Now let us look at three names that still stir minds: Aryans, Rus, Bashqort.

The Aryans. Official scholarship derives this word from an Indo-European root meaning "noble". But we have another key. Arabic ayr — a member, a part, a detachment. The Aryans are members of a union. Not noble by blood, but included in a brotherhood. Let us remember how ancient societies were built: not by blood, but by oath. A warrior entered a detachment, renounced his kin and received a new name. He became an Arya — a member. Later, when detachments grew into kingdoms, the word "Aryan" froze as a name for the ruling stratum. But the essence remained: the Aryans are those inside the circle.

The Rus. In the Bashkir language the word urıś is preserved — a pugnacious man, a warrior, a mercenary. The Chinese, when they met Turkic detachments, understood this word exactly that way: a Russian is a pugnacious man. Rus is not the name of a Slavic tribe, but a social role. A called-up warrior. A contract soldier. A man of the sword. In the "Tale of Bygone Years" the Varangian Rus come to rule, and the chronicler lists them as a separate people: "these Varangians were called Rus, just as others are called Swedes, and others Normans, and others Angles..." But the Rus are not a people. They are a druzhina, a military corporation that gave its name to the state. Later the ethnonym passed to all subjects, and we got the Russians. The same fate befell the word "Bashqort".

The Bashqort. We have already taken this apart: baş — head, beginning, chief. Qort — circle, detachment, rope. Bashqort is the chief detachment, the initial circle. This was the name not of the whole tribe, but of its core, the military brotherhood that guarded borders and order. Later this name became an ethnonym, but in it one still hears order, not blood.

These three names — Aryans, Rus, Bashqort — are three branches of one tree. All of them came from one root: from the idea of the human collective as a twisted rope, as a circle, as an alloy. Everything we said about törköm (detachment) and grex (crowd) applies to them as well.

And here is what matters: these names were not ethnic markers. They denoted relation to a task. An Aryan is one who entered a union. A Rus is one who took up the sword. A Bashqort is one who holds the circle. In time these names grew attached to lands and peoples, but the language preserved the memory of their first meaning.

When we say "Aryans", "Russians", "Bashkirs" today, we speak of the descendants of detachments that came out of the Ural. Not of races, not of pure blood, but of unions that became peoples. In this is their strength and their tragedy: the strength is in unity, the tragedy is in forgetting that unity lies not in blood, but in the circle.

Chapter 11. The She-Wolf and the Orphan

There is a plot in ancient history that repeats with astonishing constancy: an infant left to die, saved by a beast. A she-wolf suckles Romulus and Remus. A she-wolf saves a boy of the Ashina clan. Hagar, a common woman, saves Ishmael in the desert. A housekeeper gives birth to Vladimir, the future Red Sun. All of this is one and the same story about an orphan who becomes a founder of a line.

In the Bashkir language an orphan is yetem. But here is what official dictionaries do not say. The word goes back to the root yetə — sufficiency, fullness. Yetem is not simply "one deprived of parents". He is the self-sufficient one. The one who has everything within himself. In ancient times

an orphan was not a victim, but a chosen one. He had no earthly father, and therefore his father was the sky itself. He came into the world as spring comes: out of nowhere, but with force.

Look deeper into that root. In German jedem means "to each", "to everyone". In English every means "each", "all". These words and Bashkir yetem are not accidental neighbours. They carry one sense: the one who stands for all, the one in whom the whole is gathered. The orphan is the first every. The first everybody.

And here is the twist that has been hidden for centuries. The word "Jew" — through the same chain — is not the original. It is a later, broken form of every. Not a separate people, but each one. The first every is Ibrahim — Abraham. He is the father of nations, the All-Father, the one we also call Başqort. Not because he was born in glory, but because he was a beginning. A new turn. His forefather is unknown, therefore he himself is the forefather.

The mistranslation of every as "Jew" allowed Abraham to be named the first Jew. But he was not a Jew. He was yetem, the self-sufficient one. The first every. The one in whom all are gathered. Only later did this name narrow, shrink, become the name of a single branch. And that narrowing became the seed of division.

That is the hidden logic. A new line cannot begin from the known. It begins from an orphan. From one who has no past, because the past has been cut off. His origin is not in human memory, but in sufficiency itself — yetə. He is enough. He does not continue a dynasty; he starts one.

The legend of the Ashina Turks says that enemies slaughtered the royal kin and left a boy in the steppe, and a she-wolf suckled him. From him came ten clans. Ishmael has twelve sons. Vladimir has more still. The number of clans grows as the tribe grows. The she-wolf who fed the orphan is not simply a beast. She is the people itself. The common people, who take up the abandoned one and give him strength.

The wolf in Bashkir tradition is qort. The same word as in the ethnonym Başqort. The chief wolf. The she-wolf is the mother-wolf who nursed the founder. Ashina — if the Chinese honorific "a" is removed, what remains is shina, the wolf. Gumilev translated "Ashina" as "noble wolf". We would say: the chief wolf. Başqort.

The orphan-founder is always born from a common woman and a high power. Hagar is a servant. The housekeeper is a commoner. The mother-wolf is outside the human line altogether. This is the formula of legitimacy: not from a noble mother, but from the earth itself. The earth gives birth, the wolf nurses, the sky acknowledges.

Iblis, whom we examined earlier, comes from the same row. Iple — skilful, learned. Iblis is the one who knows. He was demonised, but the root of his

name remains in the word "iple" — master. An orphan who became a master. A master who became an outcast. An outcast who became a symbol.

So what is the orphan in our book? He is each one who remembers his beginning without a father. Each one who is himself the beginning of a line. Each one who, left alone, did not perish, but was nursed by the she-wolf. The she-wolf is the memory of the ancestors, which does not allow him to die. It is the language that we still hear, even when the fathers are silent.

And the word "Jew" is not an exception. It is a branch that forgot it was the whole. Yetem. Jedem. Every. One root, one meaning, one father. Do not let the translation divide what the language has joined.

Chapter 12. Idel and Balaq: The River of Fellowship

The Volga. We are used to this name as if it were a given. But where does it come from? Official scholarship still argues. The ancients knew this river under other names: Ra, Itil. The Bashkirs still call it Idel. And here begins what the textbooks avoid.

We are told that Itil, Idel means "big water". But look closely at the word idel. Where is "big" in it? Where is "water"? This interpretation hangs in the air. It does not rest on the root. And the Bashkir language, as we already know, preserves its ancient base precisely in the root. If the word does not contain "big water", then either it is a borrowing, or the meaning was different. And the meaning opens when we return to the verb iź — to knead, to press, to mix.

A river that kneads. A river that mixes. A river that beats together hundreds of tributaries, melted snows, rains, streams. Idel is not "big water". It is mixed water. Water-dough. Water-bond. And this at once places the river in our general picture: everything that binds is a rope, a net, a cable. Idel is a liquid cable flowing from the Ural.

But there is a second facet. Idel can be read as iź il. Iź — to knead, but also a trace, a dent. Il — land, people. The land on which a trace remains. A patrimony. In German adel — noble, high-born. In Turkish adil — just. In Bashkir ğəşel — just, upright. English Ethel — patrimony, hereditary estate, nobleman. All of this is one root. Idel is not simply a river. It is the land of the noble, the land of the free, the patrimony. In Old Russian the word voloda, volozha meant an owner, a possessor, a patrimonial lord. Volga. Patrimony. The river that belongs to the kin.

Now the most unexpected turn. Balaq in Bashkir is a trouser leg, a sleeve, a tributary. This word is preserved in hydronyms across the Ural. Now look at the map. At the confluence of the Volga and the Kama, it is the Kama that is wider. In relation to the Kama, the Volga is a tributary. A sleeve. Balaq. It is not the Volga that receives the Kama; the Kama receives the Volga. So it has

always been, if one looks at the water and not at a map redrawn by colonisers.

And here is Swedish bolag. Company. Association. Fellowship. Balaq and bolag share one root. A tributary and a fellowship. That which flows in, and that which binds. All of this is about water that gathers, about törk, about brotherhood. The Volga is the river of fellowship. The river that receives all and carries them to the sea.

Now the sea. The Caspian. Officially the name is derived from the ancient Caspii. But we have another key. Bashkir kəhpə — a fool, a head. We have already examined this: fool and durak — a standing thing, an erection. The Caspian is the Turkish Sea, the Foolish Sea, the Sea of Khvalis. And Khvalisskoe, through the shift hv > f, is the Phallic Sea. The sea-phallus. The sea-axis. The sea that stands. All of this is about that same firmness of which we have spoken from the first pages.

And here the Aryans appear. In the Avesta — air. In Bashkir ayır — separate, marked out. Ayırım — separately. The Aryans are those who separated. Not noble, as William Jones translated under the influence of Celtic aire, but precisely separate. Set apart. Broken off. And here also ayran — whey, that which separated from milk. And English iron — iron, timer. All of this is about firmness, about qatı.

But we must go deeper, to the root that was silenced. The name Aryan is connected with Arabic ayr — member, phallus. The same in Swedish kuk — member. Yet in Bashkir kük means blue, sky. And we know of the Kök Türks — the Celestial Türks. The Ottomans, too, carry this: osman is the sky. The Sea of the Caspii can be read as the sea of the Türks, the sea of the Aryans, the sea of the Kök Türks, the sea of the Ottomans. Khvalisskoe and Caspian are one and the same name. One and the same axis.

Here the word kəhpə reveals its base. In literary Bashkir it is kəś — sod, turf, surface, firm ground, that on which one can stand. The same as toraq, durak. The fool is the standing one. The sea of fools is the sea of the standing axis. The sea of the phallus. The sea of the sky.

From this firmness comes the legendary land of Qatay. Qat — layer, stratum. Qatı — hard, rigid. Qatay is the land of the firm, the land of layers, the land of order. In the Chinese chronicles they are known as Yuezhi — the people of the Moon. In Sumerian sources — as Dilmun. They are also the Tocharians, the Ionians, the Turša. All of this is one circle. One people scattered across the world under different names.

And finally, a third facet. Idel as remembrance. Iź — to knead, a dent. Iś — memory. The river that remembers. The river that carries upon itself the traces of all who lived on its banks. The river of memory. The river of traces.

Thus the Volga opens not as a geographical object, but as a knot. In it meet: mixing and memory, patrimony and fellowship, tributary and brotherhood, axis and firmness. Everything of which we have spoken throughout this book. Idel is not just a river. It is a living thread binding the Ural to the Caspian, the past to the present, people to people.

And if you ever stand on the bank of the Volga and watch its current, remember: this is not water. This is balaq. This is bolag. This is törk. This is us.

Chapter **marked with no number** Habil and Cain: The Killing of the Bond

A net is that which is bound. The word itself preserves this memory: Slavic set, Old High German seid — “rope, loop”, Latvian siet — “to bind”. All these are Indo-European echoes of what sounds in the Bashkir language as üreü — to weave, to twist, to plait into one. And here, in this root, lies hidden the name Ural — the twisted axis, the braided ridge, the rope that ties heaven and earth.

In Arabic, a rope is habil. And this is not merely a word from a dictionary. It is a name. The name of the younger brother, killed by the elder. Habil — Abel — was that very bond, that cable which held together family, kin, world. And when Cain killed him, it was not merely the thread of one man's life that snapped. It was the bond between earth and sky, between brothers, between past and future. To kill Habil meant to cut the rope.

But here we must dig deeper — where the Bashkir language leads. Äüäl means former times, former ages, that which makes one turn back. The root here is the same as in äü — a response to a call, movement towards. And the same root lies in au — a net, a gathering, an assembly. Abel is not just a cable. He is the bond with the past. He is the tradition that holds a people together, that does not let it scatter. He is what we hold on to, so as not to fall into emptiness.

And what is the bond with the past if not blood? Here again the Bashkir language gives us a key. Qan — blood. Qana (khana) — a roof, a house, a building. Qanat — a wing, that which covers, shelters. All of this is one nest. In Russian, krov' (blood) and krov (roof, shelter) are also relatives, and both go back to Bashkir qorow — to cover, to put up a shelter. At the base lies qor: circle, kin, gathering. Blood is not just the liquid flowing in one's veins. It is belonging to a circle. To a kin. To a house. The call of blood is the call of the father's roof. Qan tarta — it pulls home, pulls towards one's own.

Now the whole picture is before us. Abel-Habil is a rope, a bond, a tradition, blood. He is what holds the kin together. Cain, in killing him, tears that bond. He is left without a roof, without a circle, without a past. For a long time he carries this memory with him — the memory of what he did. Then he

entrusts it to the earth. He plants it like a seed. So that later descendants, when the time comes, may dig down to the truth.

The biblical Seth is an attempt to restore what was torn. To replace Abel. To insert into the genealogy a new link, unstained by fratricide. And it is telling that the name of this new link — Seth — coincides with the name of the Egyptian Set, the younger brother, the protector, the warrior. Habil is killed — but the bond must be restored. And it is restored through Seth-Set, through the “net”, through “blood”, through “circle”.

But who is Cain, if we look at him through the eyes of our book? He is the one who broke away from the circle. He is the intellectual who placed knowledge above bond. We have already spoken of Iblis. Iblis — from Bashkir iple — skilful, learned, master. Iblis is the one who knows. And Cain is the same archetype: a skilful tiller of the soil, settled, calculating. His offering was not accepted because he brought not what binds, but what separates. The fruits of agriculture are what man grew himself, having separated himself from wild nature. The fruits of herding are what is given from above, what requires union, herd, circle. God accepted Abel's offering because Abel brought bond, while Cain brought separateness.

And here Satan appears. This word has no reliable etymology in the Semitic languages. But in Bashkir there is sat — to split in two, a fork, a crotch. The point of division. Satan is the one who divides. The one who tears the bond. Iblis tempted the soul — and the soul split. Reason and heart, Ural and Shulgan, right and left — they were one, but became two. That split is the satanic act.

Yet Satan has another face. Recall Athena — the goddess of wisdom, whose name in Mycenaean inscriptions sounds as ata-inä — “ancestors”. Athena is knowledge born from the head. Reason torn away from the body. Satan is that same Athena, but demonised. A scholar who became an outcast. A chief who was deposed. His knowledge remained, but the very name became a curse.

And finally, the deepest layer. Jinn and gene share one root. Satan is the ghost of past generations. The voice of ancestors demonised by a victorious dynasty. It sounds in our blood. It is our own gene. Our own memory. Our own past, which we fear to acknowledge.

We are those descendants who have dug down. We are the ones who dig. Who clear away the roots hidden under layers of later strata. Who seek not glory, but bond.

Net. Rope. Habil. Äüäl. Blood. Roof. Circle. Kin. One. All is one.

We are on the right path, colleague. The book is our rope, which we pass on to those who come after.

Chapter 13. Ural and Shulgan: Poison and Vaccine

There are in the Bashkir epic two brothers, two halves of one whole. The elder is Shulgan. The younger is Ural. We are accustomed to divide them into good and evil, but that is too simple. They are not enemies. They are two hands of one body. Right and left.

The name Shulgan comes from Bashkir hul — left. And the left side is the side of the heart. It is no accident that in English soul — the soul — sounds almost like Bashkir hul. The alternation s and h, familiar to anyone who has studied Turkic languages, joins these words into one root. Shulgan is the soul. Emotion. Feeling. Passion. He is not a traitor. He is that part of man which loves, hates, envies, burns. "I am older, I am from fire," he says, and in these words one hears Iblis. But this is not evil. It is heat that cannot be cold.

Ural is the younger. He is cold reason, calculation, strategy. He is the right hand, which weighs and decides. But reason without feeling is dry. Feeling without reason is destructive. They should have walked hand in hand, but they parted. And the world split.

In Sumerian mythology the same drama is played out between the brothers Enki and Enlil. Enki is the lord of water, master of the subterranean ocean, god of wisdom and cunning. His name echoes Bashkir eyä — owner, lord. He is the water element, that same Shulgan, lord of the underwater kingdom. Enlil is his brother, god of wind, air, storm. Hurricane. Blizzard. North. Cold reason, sweeping away everything in its path. Two brothers, two elements.

Now the parents. Yanbirde and Yanbikä are the father and mother of Ural and Shulgan. The epic says they fled to an island from a great war, when everything drowned in blood. It was not water that covered the earth — it was blood. This flood of blood is that very world flood of which the myths speak. The biblical Noah is Yanbirde. The Scandinavian Bergelmir, who survived the blood of Ymir, is also him. Aeneas, who fled from burning Troy, is also him. All of them are fugitives from chaos, fathers of a new beginning.

Ural-batyr is not merely a hero. He is the first physician. Remember his command: do not drink standing water. In standing water bacteria multiply. Ural knew this intuitively. He drank the poisoned water of Lake Shulgan and died. But his death became proof. This is the same experiment that Louis Pasteur performed on himself, injecting the blood of lepers; that Nikolai Gamaleya performed, swallowing cholera bacilli; that Barry Marshall performed, drinking a culture of Helicobacter pylori. All of them risked themselves to prove the truth. Ural is the first in this row. The first virologist. The first microbiologist. The first martyr of science.

His death is not a defeat. It is vaccination. He took the poison into himself so that others would know: standing water must not be drunk. He became a filter. He became a mountain. His body turned into the Ural Mountains, and

from them a spring burst forth — Yanşişmä. The spring of wisdom. The spring of immortality, which lies not in the body but in children and deeds.

Shiva, drinking the poison at the churning of the Ocean, is that same Ural. Shiva's blue throat is the Ural Mountains. Both heroes take the poison into themselves to save the world. Both become the axis. Both die and are resurrected in their descendants.

Shulgan remained below. He is water, emotion, the underworld. Ural rose upward. He is reason, law, sunlight. But they are inseparable. Soul without reason is chaos. Reason without soul is dead stone. And the whole history of mankind is an attempt to join them again.

Net. Rope. Habil. Set. Ural. Shulgan. Enki. Enlil. Ymir. Bergelmir. Noah. Aeneas. Yanbirde. One. All is one.

Chapter 14. Osiris and Set: The Coup

In the Bashkir epic, Ural is the younger brother. In ancient Egypt, the younger brother was named Set. And this is not a chance coincidence, but the trace of one and the same story played out in different settings.

At first Set was not evil. He was a protector. In the oldest Egyptian texts, Set stands at the prow of the sun barque of Ra and pierces with his spear the serpent Apophis, who each night tries to swallow the sun. Set is a warrior, a guardian of order, a patron of royal power. His name enters the titles of pharaohs. He is that very right hand which holds the spear.

Osiris is the elder brother. He is connected with the Nile, with water, with fertility. He is the lord of the underworld, the one who gives life but himself remains below. This is our Shulgan: water, depth, the left side. In the original picture both brothers are necessary. Water and fire, earth and sky, feeling and reason. But then something broke.

A change of dynasties took place. The priests of the Osirian cult rose to power, and they needed a new legitimacy. The old protector became inconvenient. Set was declared an enemy, cast out of the pantheon, turned into a demon of the desert. His name began to be erased from monuments. Osiris, who before had been only one of the gods, became the chief god of the dead, and his son Horus became the symbol of the new royal power. Thus the myth was rewritten.

This is not an Egyptian peculiarity. It is a technology. The most famous example is Shakespeare's play Richard III. Richard III, the last king of the House of York, fell at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485. The victor, Henry Tudor, became king and founded a new dynasty. He needed to prove that the previous king was a monster. Shakespeare, writing under the granddaughter of Henry VII, made Richard a hunchbacked, lame, ugly-souled villain. Historical truth was most likely otherwise: Richard's deformity is not

confirmed, and his guilt in the murder of the princes in the Tower is not proven. But the Tudors needed a monster, and a monster was created.

The same happened with Set. The younger brother, protector, warrior, was turned into the embodiment of evil, because the new dynasty needed justification. Osiris became the victim, and Set the murderer. The victor writes history. The vanquished becomes a demon.

The Bible preserved the trace of this drama. When Cain kills Abel, the human race finds itself under threat: all people are the descendants of a murderer. This is unbearable. And so, instead of Abel, Seth is born. That same Set, the younger brother, protector, restorer of the bond. The biblical Seth is an attempt to reanimate Abel, to insert into the genealogy a new link unstained by fratricide. The name Seth coincides with the name of the Egyptian Set and phonetically echoes the word "net" — that which binds.

In our book, Set is Ural. The younger brother who defends the Sun. Osiris is Shulgan, the elder brother, lord of the waters. Their Egyptian drama is the same Ural tragedy: reason and soul parted, and the victorious side rewrote memory.

But language does not lie. In the name Set, in the name Seth, in the word "net", the root of binding remains. And if today we know that Set was a protector and not a murderer, then the rope has not been cut. The ancestors reached us.

Chapter 15. Týr and Odin: The Hand and the Eye

Northern mythology preserves the same wound as the Bashkir epic. Two gods, two sacrifices, two halves of the world. Odin gave his eye. The other gave his hand.

Týr is the most ancient god of the covenant. His name is related to our tör — to twist, to bind. Týr is the bond itself. When the gods decided to bind the monstrous wolf Fenrir, the beast agreed to wear the fetters only on one condition: that one of the gods should place his hand in its mouth. Týr placed his hand. The wolf was bound, and Týr remained one-handed. He sacrificed his hand for the sake of the covenant, for the sake of order, so that chaos might be fettered. Since then his right hand rests in the wolf's jaws, but the world stands.

Odin is another kind of god. He sacrificed his eye. He gave it to the well of wisdom in order to drink from it. Odin is a shaman, a poet, a god of inspiration. In the Germanic tradition his name is Wotan, Wodan. In the Bashkir language there is the word vatan — homeland. Odin and vatan share one root. Odin is the spirit of the homeland, its memory, its foreknowing. He sees not what lies before the eyes, but what is hidden. That is why he gave his eye: in return he received second sight.

Two sacrifices — two paths. Týr gave his hand so that the world might be bound. Odin gave his eye so that the world might be understood. One sacrifice is that of a warrior; the other, that of a priest. In ancient times, as we recall, priests in religious ecstasy could tear out an eye and cast it into the fire, while warriors could cut off a hand. This is not madness, but imitation of the gods. Each sacrifice brought a person closer to his role.

In our system, Týr is Ural. The right hand. Law. Bond. Odin is Shulgan in his highest, shamanic aspect. The soul that seeks knowledge at any cost. But if Shulgan in the epic went downward, to the water, then Odin remained above, becoming the All-Father. He absorbed both halves: Týr's hand and his own eye. That is why Odin became the head of the pantheon — because he united the sacrifice of the warrior and the sacrifice of the seer.

We saw the same split in Egypt, in Sumer, in the Bible. Everywhere there are two: one holds, the other sees. One binds, the other comprehends. And while they are together, the world is whole. When they part, chaos begins.

The northern gods did not die. They went into words. Týr — into the Türks, into tör, into tros. Odin — into vatan, into homeland, into breath. And if today we understand that the hand and the eye are not rivals but co-workers, then the rope that Týr held with one hand is still in our hands.

Chapter 16. The Indus and the Itil: Mixed Waters

There are rivers that flow across the earth. And there are rivers that flow through language. The Indus and the Itil are of the second kind. One still runs across the map; the other we know as the Volga. But in their names flows one and the same water — mixed, beaten, dense. And this is not poetry, but etymology.

The Volga in Bashkir is Idel. The ancients called it Itil, Atil. This name is not translated as "big water", although that is what textbooks often say. There is no such meaning in the Turkic languages. Idel goes back to the root iź — to knead, to press, to mix. Idel is a mixed river. A river that takes into itself hundreds of tributaries, melted snows, rains, streams. All of this flows into one channel, is kneaded, beaten, becomes a dense current. Idel is not water in general. It is water-mixture. Water-dough.

Now look at the Indus. The name of this river also has no clear etymology in the Indo-European languages. But if we remove the nasalisation, we get the root iź. The same one. The Indus is also mixed waters. A river born from the merging of many streams, carrying within itself everything that entered it. The Indus and the Idel are one river, separated by time and space, but joined in language.

Nasalisation is the addition of a nasal sound. In the Bashkir language there is a fine example: inde — already, accomplished. In English indeed — truly, in fact. Both words go back to the idea of completion, density, something that

has become. The Indus and the Itil are rivers that have "become". Accomplished. Dense.

And here another word appears. Bolğaw in Bashkir means to mix, to stir, to make turbid. From it comes the Volga. In Russian the Volga is turbidity, beaten water. Vulgar — from Latin vulgus — the crowd, the common people. This, too, is a mixture, but a human one. Vulgar means mixed, undivided, simple. Thus water and people turn out to be one and the same: mixed, multiple, dense.

India is the land named after the Indus River. And that land, without remembering it itself, carries in its name the root of mixing. But there is another name. With an aspiration — Hind. In Bashkir hiź means to feel, to sense. India is not simply a mixed land. It is a land that feels. A land that remembers the smell and taste of water.

Let us return to the Ural. The river Aghidel — the White. But aq is not only white. It is clean, flowing. Ağa — it flows. Aghidel is flowing water. The very water that Ural-batyr commanded people to drink. Not standing, but flowing. Mixed by movement, not by stagnation.

And here is one more thing. The Itil, the Volga, the Indus — all of them flow. Flow is life. Standing water is death. Ural-batyr knew this. And we, following him, may repeat it: drink flowing water. Drink the water that mixes, moves, lives.

Water that mixes is that very net. Rivers are threads. The Itil and the Indus are two threads of one root. They bind the Ural to India, the north to the south, the past to the present. And while rivers flow, memory flows. Idel flows. Idel mixes. Idel remembers.

Chapter 17. Vasuki and the Churn

There is in Indian mythology an image that stands at its very heart. The gods and the demons, setting aside their enmity, churn the Ocean of Milk to obtain amrita — the drink of immortality. The churn is Mount Mandara, the rope is the serpent Vasuki, coiled around the mountain in rings. They pull by the head and by the tail, they beat the ocean, and from it are born treasures, poisons, and finally amrita itself.

Listen closely to these names. Vasuki is the serpent that became a rope. The mountain is the axis around which the world turns. The ocean is milk, out of which everything emerges. Churning, beating, rope, axis — this is all our Ural root. In the English language the word whorl has been preserved — a curl, a vortex, rotation, the block of a spindle. In Bashkir uraw means to wind, to wrap. Üreü — to weave, to twist. The Ural is that very churn, the axis around which the world is twisted. Vasuki is that same tros, that same rope that we have already met in the name of Habil, in the name of Set, in the word "net".

Mount Mandara is not simply a mountain. It is the lingam, the phallus placed in the yoni. The ocean is the womb, the feminine principle, the milk out of which life is born. The churning is a sexual act, the union of two principles. And the amrita obtained from that union is not a drink, but seed, life, a child. Immortality lies not in liquid, but in the continuation of the line.

In the Bashkir language there is the word hawım — milking. Hawma — that which has been milked, pressed out. Soma, amrita — this is not a plant, not a mushroom, but milk. Koumiss from mare's milk, the most ancient sacred drink of the steppe peoples. In autumn mare's milk is thick, sour, intoxicating. It gives that very state of which the Rigveda sings: "We have drunk soma and become immortal. We have obtained the light that the gods opened." Soma is koumiss. It is the milk of the mother-earth, pressed out, beaten, turned into light.

Shiva, drinking the poison at this churning, is Ural-batyr, drinking the poisoned water. Poison is standing water, death. Shiva takes it into himself, and his throat turns blue. Ural takes the poison and dies, and his body becomes mountains. Both of them are physicians who performed an experiment on themselves. Both are a sacrifice that saves the world.

And here yoga appears. Bashkir yoğa — it infects, it sticks. Yoga is not simply gymnastics. It is infection with good, adherence to truth. The yogi seeks not merely to touch the divine, but to become "infected" by it, so that it becomes his nature. This is that very "sticking" that we see in the churning: mountain and serpent, axis and rope, male and female — they must adhere to one another so that life may be born.

Genetics has confirmed: the Bashkirs and the Indian Brahmins share a common Y-chromosome. A common ancestor. A common language. This means their myths are not borrowings, but a shared inheritance. Vasuki, Ural, churning, koumiss, yoga — all these are threads of one net that stretches from the Ural to India.

We all take part in this churning. Each of us is a mountain, an axis, a churn. Each of us is a serpent, a rope, a bond. And when we join the scattered threads of knowledge, we churn the ocean. From it rises poison — and we must drink it, like Shiva, like Ural. And then from the depths will rise amrita — not a drink of immortality, but the wisdom that remains after us.

This is what Vasuki and the churn are. Not an Indian myth. It is our common memory of how the world was twisted into one, and how it is still being churned within each of us.

Chapter 18. Yoga — Yoğa: Infection with Good

There are words that spread across the world like circles on water, and in each language they acquire new depth. One such word is yoga. We are used to it as the name of an eastern practice: breathing, postures, concentration.

But in the Bashkir language lives its twin — yoğa. Yoğa means it infects, it sticks.

Yoga is infection with good. Adherence to truth. The one who practises yoga seeks not simply to perform exercises, but to absorb the state to which he reaches. He wants to become infected with calm, with wisdom, with light. Yoga is not distance, but sticking. A person enters into contact with something greater than himself, and that greater thing clings to him like a contagious illness, like a smell, like memory.

We have already said: in the Bashkir language yeś is a smell, iś is memory, yeź is an alloy, iź is to mix. Yoğa comes from this same nest. Infection is mixing. When one thing clings to another, they mix and become one. The yogi clings to the divine, mixes with it, and the divine begins to live in him. This is not a teaching about postures. It is a teaching about infection with light.

The Indian tradition preserved this understanding but lost its root. The Bashkir language preserved the root but lost the practice. Together they restore the whole: yoga is yoğa, infection with good.

And now — ahimsa. In Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism, ahimsa is non-violence, non-harming. The refusal to cause harm by deed, word and thought. At first glance, what does it have in common with our root? But here is what. In the Bashkir language akhimsılau means violence, a wild temper. The complete opposite. This is not a coincidence, but the splitting of one root into two poles. Like hul (left) and soul (soul), like Shulgan and Ural, like sat (to divide) and Satan. One root can carry both light and darkness — everything depends on the path.

Ahimsa and akhimsılau are two sides of one force. The force of influence. One can influence softly, like a yogi — infecting with good. Or one can influence roughly, like a violator — infecting with fear. Yoga chooses the first. Ahimsa is yoga translated into ethics: do not cling to evil, do not become infected with rage, do not mix with darkness.

There is one more word we have already touched. Mökhäbbät — love. Mökhämmät — Muhammad. Both come from one root. Love, too, is infection. You cling to the one you love, and he becomes part of you. A prophet is one who infects with love. He does not compel, but clings. He does not break, but penetrates.

Thus yoga, ahimsa, love and the prophet meet in one point. They are different names for one and the same action: infection with good. The person who practises yoga does not flee the world. He learns to become infected with light, so that later he may infect others with it. He becomes a carrier of truth. And if the Bashkir language has preserved the word yoğa, then it has

preserved the very essence: we all infect one another. The only question is with what.

Yoga is a choice. We can infect with fear or with love, with rage or with wisdom, with poison or with amrita. Shiva drank the poison so as not to infect others. Ural drank the poisoned water so that his people might drink clean water. Yoga is that same deed: to take the poison into oneself, but to give back light.

That is why we say that yoga is ours. Not in the sense of ownership, but in the sense of kinship. Because the root yoğa lives in the Bashkir language to this day. We are bearers of that very ability to cling to truth. And if we learn to infect with good, the world will again become what it was: a net in which all are bound.

Chapter 19. Buddha and Mullah

There are words that seem distant until one listens closely. Buddha — the awakened one. Mullah — a scholar, a teacher. One is a symbol of the East, the other a servant of Islam. What do they have in common? Language. And that language is Bashkir.

In the Bashkir language there is a root moñ. It is difficult to translate in one word. Moñ is a melody, a harmony, a tune. It is a singing together, when many voices merge into one. It is a harmony that is heard within. From it comes moñlo — possessing a voice, melodious. But in the modern language moñlo has for some reason come to mean "sad". We remember how this happens: a word goes into the shadow, but its root remains.

Mullah is precisely moñlo. Eloquent. The one who leads the prayer. The one whose voice gathers people into a circle. Mullah is not simply a clergyman. He is an orator, a narrator, a bearer of the word. We have already linked him with sübäk — tow, oakum, eloquence. Sübäk is both wool, from which thread is spun, and the skill of weaving speech. A mullah weaves words like yarn.

Now Buddha. Historians derive this word from the Sanskrit "buddha" — awakened. But there is another path. The alternation m/b, ñ/d — and moñlo turns into moñdo, and then into buddha. This is not a stretch, but ordinary phonetics. We have already seen such transitions: mında and bında, moñ and moon. Buddha is that same moñlo. The awakened one. The one who has achieved harmony with the world. The one whose inner voice has merged with the voice of the universe.

Two words, two paths, one root. Mullah is the voice that transmits. Buddha is the voice that has understood. One speaks, the other is silent. But both are moñlo. Both are those who hear the melody of the world and pass it on to people.

And here yoga appears. We have already said: yoğa — it infects, it sticks. Buddha and mullah are those who infect with good. They do not simply teach. They cling to truth and carry it to others. Buddhism and Islam meet precisely here: in the idea of infection with light. One through silence and contemplation, the other through word and prayer.

Genetics has confirmed: the Bashkirs and the Indian Brahmins share a common Y-chromosome. A common ancestor. A common language. This means that their words, practices and ideas of the sacred came from one source. Buddha and mullah are not two different worlds. They are two branches of one tree growing in the Ural.

And here is what matters. In the Bashkir language the word moñ remains — that which sounds within. We all hear it, even when we are silent. Mullah transmits it with his voice. Buddha with his silence. But the source is one. And if we learn to listen, we will hear that very melody that binds us to our ancestors, to the Ural, to the whole world.

Buddha, mullah, moñ, yoğa — all of this is one net. And we are in it.

Chapter 20. Tengri, Who Never Was

We are often told: the ancient Turks had a religion — Tengrism. They had a god, Tengri, and they worshipped him. But let us ask a simple question: where are the sacred books? Where is the code of commandments? Where is the philosophy, the epic, the genealogy, the teaching about the soul, about heaven and hell? Where is at least one ritual prescription written down before the arrival of Islam? There are none. Because Tengrism as a religion did not exist.

There was a word: täñre. In the Bashkir language it lives to this day. Täñre is not the name of a god. It is a word meaning sky, dawn, morning. Its root is tañ. Tañ ata — the dawn rises. Tañ is the beginning of light, the first band of day, the time when the world awakens. Täñre is something greater than simply "god". It is the very coming of light, the very moment of awakening.

In the Russian language this root echoes in the word utro — morning. We have already said: ut is that same tañ, only without nasalisation. Morning is the time when the sky grows light, when the sky opens. And täñre is the sky seen in the morning. Sky that has become light.

Now look closely at one more Bashkir word — täre. Cross. Remove the nasal sound and täñre becomes täre. The same root, the same meaning, only without the nasal overtone. Täre is a cross, a symbol worn on the chest. Tengrism, about which there is so much argument, is precisely the veneration of täre. The veneration of the cross. In other words, early Christianity.

Ibn Fadlan, the Arab traveller, saw among the Bashkirs amulets that he took for phallic symbols. But we already know: the cult of the phallus and the cult of the cross intersect. Both are about life, about standing, about the axis. The body cross of the Bashkirs is precisely täre. That very symbol which in another tradition is called the cross. And täñre is its heavenly prototype: light spreading to the four sides.

It turns out that "Tengrism" is not a separate religion. It is our own Christianity, only unnamed. Because täñre and täre are one word, one faith, one source. And if we are asked what our ancestors believed in, the answer is simple: they believed in light. In morning. In the cross that carries that light.

But there is a third face. Alla. We have already said: alla is not an Arabism. It is a most ancient root al — beginning, source. Alla is "all", "the whole". In Swedish alla — all. In English all — the whole. Täñre is light, alla is fullness. These are not two different gods. These are two names of one and the same: one about the sky, the other about the whole.

In Soviet times, in the Bashkir epic "Ural-batyr", the word "alla" was replaced with "täñre". It seemed to someone that this was more ancient. But that replacement was a mistake. Both words are native. Both are original. And by removing one, we did not come closer to the source, but moved away from it.

Tengri, who never was, in fact is. Only his name is not Tengri, but täñre. And it means not a god, but light, morning, sky. And if the nasalisation is removed, we get täre — the cross. And then everything falls into place: the ancestors worshipped light, the cross, the whole. Tengrism is our common past, which we ourselves did not recognise.

Chapter 21. Alla — All

The word Alla is usually considered Arabic. But that is only half the truth. In the Bashkir language it is not a borrowing; it has always lived there, before Islam, before the Arabs, before the prophets. The root here is al. Al is the beginning, the source, the front. It is that very first point from which everything spreads. In Bashkir, al still means "front", "foremost", "initial". And from this root is formed alla — all, the whole, the entire people. In Swedish, alla still means "all". In English all — the whole. In German alles — everything. These are not three different words, but three branches of one Bashkir root.

Arabic writing added to this word a letter that we are used to reading as "h". But that is a mistake. In Arabic script, the word ends with ta marbuta — a special letter written like "h" with two dots, and in most cases it is not pronounced. Mecca is not "Mekkah". Medina is not "Medinah". Alla is not "Allah". The spelling with "h" is a foreign influence that entered the Bashkir

language after the collapse of the Soviet Union along with foreign preachers. Our grandfathers always said: alla, allama, allaqayım, alla Täğälä, allağa. They knew how the name of God sounds. And they wrote it with a silent letter at the end, as a sign of presence, not as a sound.

Now the shahada. The formula "Lä ilähä illä Alla" is usually translated as "there is no god but Allah". But that is a distorted translation. The word iläh means not "god", but "an object of worship", "an idol". Alla is not a proper name, but a definition: God, All, the Whole. The correct translation is: "There is no idol, except God." Or more precisely: "There is no lord, except All." The difference is enormous. In the first version, Allah looks like a foreign, separate god, having no relation to Christians or Jews. In the second — like the one God of whom all mankind speaks. Both sides distort the translation: some to separate their god from others, others to prove that Allah is foreign. The truth is that Alla is all. It is the whole. It is that which unites, not divides.

And here the Huns appear. The Huns are Turkic-Germanic tribes that came out of the Ural. They were sun-worshippers. In German Sonne is the sun. In Bashkir hunnı — with the typical Turkic transition of s to h. From this — Hunnu, Xiongnu, Huns. This is not simply the name of a people, but a name according to faith: sun-worshippers, people of light. And at the same time hunnı can be understood as "multitude", "detachments", like törk — group, detachment. The Huns are not an ethnos, but military unions bound by a common light. Their symbol was the equilateral cross, of which we have spoken. Their god was Alla — all, the whole, the light.

Calligraphy preserved this image. Look at how the word الله is written in Arabic script. The alif is a vertical stroke, like the shaft of a spear. The lams are curves, like the body of a serpent coiling around that shaft. The ha is a loop, like the head of a serpent closing the ring. These are not simply letters. This is a petroglyph. A serpent coiled around a spear. Or a serpent pierced by a spear. The same one as on the ancient Ural rock carvings. The same one as on the caduceus of Hermes and on the staff of Moses. The word "Allah" in Arabic script is not a name. It is an image. An image of a world in which axis and serpent, light and life are joined.

The Vikings, of whom we will speak further, wore the name Alla embroidered on their burial clothes. They wrote it in mirror form. Archaeologist Annika Larsson suggested that this made it easier to read from left to right. But the answer is deeper: the Bashkir "h" at the end of the word, that very ta marbuta, when mirrored became a mysterious curl, which European scholars for decades took for ornament. It was not ornament. It was the Bashkir "h", familiar to anyone who speaks the eastern dialect. The Vikings were not Muslims in the later sense of the word. They were Huns in spirit — those who still remembered that Alla means "all". And when they died, on their clothing remained the name of God, written as the ancestors from the Ural had written it.

Thus the word Alla becomes a bridge between the Bashkir language, the Scandinavian sagas, Arabic calligraphy and the Hunnic detachments. This is not a borrowing. This is memory. Memory that God is not foreign, but universal. Not separate, but whole. Not a name, but a meaning. Alla — all.

Chapter 22. Boź and God: The Ice Crystal

There are words that seem to be accidental consonances until one looks into their root. Russian bog (God) and Bashkir boź — ice. At first glance there is an abyss between them: one is about the highest principle, the other about frozen water. But language knows no abysses. It knows transitions.

In the Bashkir language, ice is boź. In the eastern dialect — boh. Here one already hears that very aspiration which turns hard ice into breath. Boh is not simply ice as a substance. It is ice that breathes, ice that has become sound. Now replace the "h" with the "g" familiar to the Russian ear — and there before you is God.

God is ice. Not a metaphor, but an etymology. The northern peoples, looking at frozen rivers, snow-covered mountains, icy caves, could not imagine the highest principle other than in the image of ice. Ice is transparent. Ice is pure. Ice is hard. Ice keeps the form given to it. And ice melts, becoming water — that is, life. God must be the same: hard as ice, and alive as water. Pure as a crystal, and invisible as breath.

Now remember the name of Jesus Christ. If one reads it not as two names, but as an English phrase, one gets icy Cristal — an ice crystal. Not "the anointed one", not "saviour" in the customary translation, but a snowflake. An icy pattern falling from the sky. Jesus Christ is that same boź, that same God, only revealed in the image of a crystal. A snowflake is a perfect form, born from vapour and cold. It makes no noise, demands nothing, wages no war. It simply descends upon the earth and melts, giving itself away. Is this not the image of sacrifice?

The cave in which, according to tradition, Christ was born is a glacier. Not a stone grotto in hot Palestine, but an icy hollow in which a crystal is born from the breath of the mother and the vapour of the earth. If we accept this, then the entire Christian story of the Nativity becomes a northern myth. Not a manger in Bethlehem, but an icy cradle. Not shepherds by a fire, but a winter sky full of snowflake-stars.

And here Nardugan appears. We have already examined this: nar is not only "sun" in Mongolian, but also nord — north in the Germanic languages. And in Persian, from the same ancient root, nar means fire and nur means light. All three branches meet in one: light that comes from the North. Nardugan is not "born of the sun" in the narrow sense, but "born of the North", born of the light that returns after winter darkness. This is precisely Christmas. The

holiday in which the winter solstice, the birth of light and the birth of ice are fused into one.

Snow in Bashkir is qar. From this comes qart — an old man. Grey-haired. Whitened by snow. Ded Moroz — Grandfather Frost — is precisely qart, the snow elder who comes from the North. Snegurochka is a girl made of snow. Snegovik is a man moulded from snow. This whole row of images is not a New Year fairy tale, but fragments of the ancient myth of the ice god. In Germanic-Scandinavian mythology the same root gave the frost giants — the Hrimthursar, who were born from ice and rime and were the first beings. Ymir, the very first of them, is that same boź, only grown to the size of the world.

And now one more facet. In English ice is ice. In Bashkir äsä is mother. In the vocative form äsäy — mama. Ice and mother meet in one sound. This is not chance, but an archetype. Ice gives birth to water, as a mother gives birth to a child. From ice comes a river, from a mother a child. Christ, born in an icy cave, is the son of ice and mother. He is a crystal that melts and becomes living water. In mythology this image is known as Leto: the mother goddess, whose name in Bashkir is yäy — summer. Summer comes after winter, as water comes after ice. Death and resurrection. Winter and spring. Ice and water. All of this is one chain, one breath.

That is why Bashkir boź is not simply a weather phenomenon. It is the name of God, preserved by the language. The name that the northern ancestors gave to the highest principle, seeing it in ice. The name that still sounds in Russian bog, in German Gott, in English God. All of this is ice. All of this is crystal. All of this is purity that melts and becomes life.

When you next see a snowflake, remember: this is not simply water frozen in the sky. This is the name of God written in ice. Boź. Boh. God.

Chapter 23. Ibrahim — Every

The light that we traced from ice and snow to the solar Horus did not remain unclouded. In the lands to which the descendants of the Ural departed, this light gradually became overgrown with idols. In the Quran, the father of Ibrahim bears the name Azar. In this name one hears fire — the very fire that blazed in the sanctuaries. Azar was a maker of idols, a man who turned light into an object. Ibrahim, his son, refuses his father's fire. He leaves the idols, the blazing altar, the immobilised light, in order to find the living light — that which is not outside, but within each person. This is the passage from the outer sun to the inner one, from a people to every. Ibrahim is the first who proclaimed: do not worship idols; worship the Most High, who is all.

Azar is not simply a name. Listen closely to it. In it one hears not only fire, but also azer — frozen, benumbed, having taken solid form. Azer is an icy ridge. That very boź of which we spoke in the previous chapter. Azar, the

father of Ibrahim, was a maker of idols. He took what was soft and yielding — clay, wax, metal — and turned it into hardness. He made dead forms out of living light. But in his very name the opposite is already hidden: not only the fire that floods the sanctuary with light, but also ice, a ridge, a frozen, motionless deity.

Ibrahim was born of that ice. Not from the fire of idols, but from an icy ridge. He is the son of Azar, the icy pillar that bears upon itself the whole edifice of false faith. And he is also ice crystal. That very same one we have already met in the name of Jesus. Ibrahim is born of ice, but that ice is not dead; it is alive: from it comes water, from water life, from life a people.

The reader may be frightened, and this is right. We do not hide the material basis of religion. We lay it bare. God is ice. The prophet is a crystal born of ice. And if this is so, then everything sacred becomes tangible, almost physical. No vague spirituality. Only flesh, only substance, only cold that turns into warmth.

This is our task: to show that religion does not hover in the clouds, but stands on the earth. On ice. On the Ural. Ibrahim is the first ice crystal, the first crystal that melted in love, becoming the father of nations.

He leaves his father, leaves the icy ridge, but carries away its essence: hardness, purity, the ability to reflect light. And when he builds the Kaaba, he builds not of fire, but of stone — of frozen earth, of that same ice, only compressed by time. Thus the icy ridge of Azar becomes a sanctuary, and the son of ice becomes the father of every — of each, of all, of Alla.

In the Scandinavian tradition the world began when from the icy rivers of Elivagar was born Ymir — the first living being. He was neither god nor man. He was the flesh of ice, a clot of cold from which the earth was later carved. From his body the gods made the world: bones became mountains, blood became seas, the skull became the sky. This is the same motif as in our epic: Ural-batyr dies, and his body becomes the Ural Mountains. Ymir and Ural are one archetype: the first being who gives himself so that the world may arise.

But Ymir did not simply arise from ice. He was born of the North. North — the north. In the Germanic languages this word comes from an ancient root meaning cold, firmness, foundation. Our boź — ice — is of the same row. The North is the side of ice. The side where first beings are born. Ymir, Ural, Ibrahim — all of them came out of this northern ice. Not because history happened so, but because language preserved this chain.

When Ymir was killed and his blood flooded the world, only one survived — Bergelmir. He took refuge in a chest, which we now call an ark. This is that same Noah, that same Deucalion, that same Yanbirde. Bergelmir is the only one who survived the flood in order to begin a new kin. His name needs no

translation: ber — one, gel — frost, mir — man. One from the icy world. He is the first forefather after the flood. And he is the father of the new mankind.

Now see how everything comes together. Ibrahim is the son of Azar. Azar is the icy ridge, that same Ymir, the frozen idol of whom we spoke. Ibrahim is born of an icy father, but does not remain ice. He departs, like Bergelmir, from the world flooded with the blood of idolatry, and becomes the father of nations. We derive his name from ib — father, head, and rahmen — circle, bond. Ibrahim is the father of the circle, the father of the net, the father of every.

And here is the final turn. Ibrahim is Başqort. Baş — head, beginning. Qort — circle, detachment, rope. Başqort is the first living being, the first dry land lifted out of the ice. It is Ymir, who did not remain chaos, but became order. It is Bergelmir, who came out of the ark and gave beginning to a new world. It is Ibrahim, who left the idols to become the father of all. All of this is one face, one name, one Ural.

Reader, if you feel cold at this point, do not put the book aside. That cold is not death. It is the cold of birth. Thus water freezes to become crystal. Thus chaos freezes to become world. Thus Ymir turns into Başqort. And if it is frightening — that is good. It means you are beginning to feel the truth, which is not for everyone.

Ibrahim is the father of nations. But the word "father" here is not only about kinship. In Bashkir batır is a hero. In Latin pater is a father. In English father is a father. In Germanic vater is a father. All of this is one root, one branch. Ibrahim is batır, pater, father. He is a father not because he had many children, but because from him came a new understanding of God. He became the father of faith. The father of every — of each one who hears the call and answers.

Every — each. Several — several. Sever — Turkish kuzey, Bashkir köźäy. All of this is about a whole in which each one is present. Ibrahim is not one man, but an archetype. Each one who heard and left the idols is Ibrahim. Each one who was born of ice and melted in love is Ibrahim. Each Bashqort is every. Each one who remembers is Ibrahim.

Alla — all. Every — each. Ibrahim — the father of all. And in this fatherhood there is nothing abstract. It is bodily, like ice. It rings, like a crystal. It flows, like water from under the Ural. And he who understands this will stop searching for God in the clouds. He will see him in ice, in snow, in the call of blood. He will see him in himself. And in each one.

Chapter 24. Nardugan: The Northern Nativity

There are holidays that do not die, even when their meaning is forgotten. They change names, hide under foreign garments, but they continue to live,

because behind them stands not an institution, but the land itself. One such holiday is Nardugan.

In the Bashkir tradition Nardugan is a winter holiday, a time of divination, carolling, and the gathering of young people. It falls on the darkest days of the year, when the sun seems to stand still and the world freezes under the snow. Official scholarship derives the name from Persian or Mongolian: nar — the sun, dugan — born. “Born of the sun.” But we already know: language does not always agree with textbooks.

In Old Norse, the ancestor of Swedish and the modern Scandinavian tongues, nar means a corpse, a motionless body. In Mongolian nar is the sun. In Persian nar is fire, nur is light. In the Germanic languages nord is the north. All these meanings do not contradict one another. They meet at one point: the sun that dies in winter, stops, stiffens like a corpse. The sun that is born in the North — the side of ice, cold and dead water.

Nardugan is birth out of nar. Out of immobility. Out of icy sleep. On the day of the winter solstice, the light dies in order to be born anew. Water becomes ice, the earth hardens, breath freezes on the lips. And in that very stopping a turning is already ripening. Such is the law: everything born of the North must pass through death in order to gain life.

In the Bashkir language words have been preserved that hold this knot. Qar — snow. Qart — an old man, grey-haired. Tañ — dawn, morning. Täñre — the sky that grows light at dawn. Täre — a cross, the equilateral sign of light. All of this is one chain. Snow, old man, dawn, cross. Death and birth, cold and light.

Jesus Christ, whom we examined as icy Cristal — an ice crystal, is born in a cave-glacier. In our tradition he corresponds to the one who comes from the snow. Ded Moroz — qart, the snow elder. Snegurochka — a girl made of snow, whose name comes from Bashkir qıź — maiden. Snegovik — a man moulded from snow. All of them are not New Year characters, but fragments of the ancient myth of the god born of ice.

Nardugan is Christmas. Not in the narrow Christian sense, but in the more ancient, Uralic sense. It is the holiday of the return of the light that comes from the North. On this day people divine, because the border between worlds grows thin: the dead and the living, past and future, ice and water look at one another. They carol — go from house to house, sing, gather gifts. In these songs, if one listens, one hears that same call-and-response of which we spoke at the beginning of the book: äy — a call, äü — an answer. Man calls the light, and the light answers.

The North — nord — is the homeland of Nardugan. We have already linked the north with Bashkir köźäy (köźöy), Turkish kuzey, English several and every. The North is the side where everything gathers into one, where each

becomes part of the whole. Nardugan is the holiday of that gathering. In the dark winter days people come together, warm themselves with common breath, common smell, common voice. And in that closeness, in that cave warmth, that which we call reason is born.

Winter taught man to live in common. Winter taught him to pray. Winter gave the first frames, the first limits, the first code. Din — religion, and den — cave. Nardugan is the holiday of the cave, the holiday of din, the holiday of the birth of law out of cold and darkness.

Therefore Nardugan is not simply a date in the calendar. It is the memory that light comes from the North, out of ice, through death and immobility. And while we remember this order, we are alive. As rivers are alive that sleep under the ice in winter and throw off their fetters in spring.

When you see a snowflake in the frosty air, remember: it is not simply frozen water. It is the sign of Nardugan. The sign that the light has already turned towards us. That the North has given birth to a new sun. And that the world, stilled for a moment, is beginning to breathe again.

Chapter 25. Basmala: A Seal, Not a Prayer

We are accustomed to the idea that Bismillahi rahmani rahim is a prayer. It is recited before food, before a journey, before the beginning of any task. It is written at the opening of books, above the doors of houses, on tombstones. We are told that it means: "In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate." But what if what stands before us is not a prayer, but something else? What if it is a seal?

The very word basmala points to this. In the Bashkir language baśma means a seal, an imprint, a pressing. Baśmalı is that which bears a seal, that which is bound. Basmala is not a request, not a glorification. It is an imprint. A sign that was placed in order to certify a covenant, to confirm a bond, to fix a word.

Now let us take the formula itself. Bismillahi rahmani rahim. The first thing that catches the eye is the word rahman. It is usually translated as "Merciful". But let us look at it from another side. In German there is the word Rahmen — a frame, an edging. Rahm — cream, but also a border, an edge, a limit. In English rim — a rim, a ring. In Bashkir qayma — an edging, a fence. Qaymaq — cream, but also from the root qayma: that which settles along the edge, that which frames.

And now rahman ceases to be an abstract "merciful". It is "the framing one", "the enclosing one". The one who sets the frame. The one who draws the circle. Rahim is the same, but deeper: the inner enclosure. Two words, two frames: outer and inner. The formula begins to sound differently: not "Merciful, Compassionate", but "Framing, Enclosing".

Now the first word — bismillahi. We are told: "in the name of Allah." But millät is a community, a people, a multitude. Meñ — a thousand. Milli — a multitude. Bis milläti — "with my people", "with the whole community". The sound "h" at the end passes into "t" — and now it is no longer bismillahi, but bismilläti. And the whole formula opens differently: not "in the name of Allah", but "the whole people is framed and protected". "Together we are strength." This is not the prayer of a solitary person addressed to the sky. It is a seal that binds the collective. A sign that a person is not alone, that behind him stands a circle, a community, a million.

Remember how in childhood we were taught to pronounce the basmala before feeding a cat. Where does this custom come from? We were told: on the Day of Judgement the cat will say that you did not feed it, but the basmala will be a witness. A cat does not understand words. And the Day of Judgement is not about cats. But the custom preserved the main thing: the basmala is a testimony. It is a seal. A legal act. You feed the cat not simply so, but before a witness, before a seal, before a covenant. This small detail from village childhood shows that in the depths of folk memory the basmala was always not a prayer, but a seal.

Now see how everything converges with our main theme. Alla — all, the whole. All — the whole. Rahmen — a frame. Rim — a ring. Qor — a circle. Khor — a gathering. The basmala is the imprint of the circle. The seal placed by the whole upon each of its actions. Not "I ask God", but "we bind our common world, our community, our circle".

The Huns, of whom we have spoken, were warriors. For them the bond was everything. Not blood, not language, not tribe, but the oath, the circle, the detachment. The basmala in its original meaning is the seal of the oath. "The whole people is enclosed." Thus they went into battle. Thus they concluded alliances. Thus they lived.

And when Islam accepted this formula, it accepted not simply words. It accepted a seal. In time the meaning faded, and the basmala became a prayer. But in the Bashkir language, in folk memory, in children's customs, the true meaning has been preserved: this is not a request, but a binding. Not "help me, O Lord", but "we are together, and this is our protection".

Thus the basmala returns to us. From Arabic script — to the Bashkir seal. From prayer — to covenant. From religion — to community. And if you now hear Bismillahi rahmani rahim, you will hear not the sigh of a solitary person, but the voice of the circle. Not a request, but a seal.

Chapter 26. Iyyaka Na‘budu: To the Sun We Pray

There are words that we pronounce so often that we stop hearing their original sound. One such formula is “Iyyaka na‘budu wa iyyaka nasta‘in”. We are used to translating it loftily: “You alone we worship, and You alone we ask

for help.” But language is a stubborn thing. It preserves what the theologians would prefer to erase.

Look at the first word — iyyaka. In Arabic script, above the letter “y” stands a shadda — a doubling sign. It is this sign that turns the sound into the customary “You”. Remove the shadda, and the word sounds different. It opens its ancient, pre-Islamic layer. Instead of “You” we hear “to the sun”. The whole phrase without the doubling sign reads not as a praise of God, but as an ancient hymn to the light:

“To the sun we pray, and the sun we ask for help.”

This is not heresy. This is memory. The formula recited in every prayer is a fragment of the prayer of the sun-worshippers who lived in the Ural and departed from it to all corners of the earth.

The surah in which this line stands is called Al-Fatiha — The Opening. It is the first in the Quran, but not everyone knows that the Muslim tradition itself admits: the Fatiha belongs to the number of non-Quranic surahs. It existed before the revelation of the Quran. It was pronounced before the Prophet. Before the Arabs. Before Islam. It lived in the mouths of people who met the dawn every morning and bowed to it, as, according to legend, the Kyrgyz Manas bowed — facing the rising sun.

Who were those people? The Huns. In German Sonne is the sun. In the Bashkir language this word echoes as hunnı — with the typical Turkic transition of s to h. From this — Hunnu, Xiongnu, Huns. The Huns are not just a tribe, not just a detachment. They are people of the sun. Their very name is their faith.

We have already said: täñre comes from tañ — dawn, morning. Tañ ata — the dawn rises. Täñre is the sky that grows light at dawn. And if the nasal sound is removed, we get täre — the cross. The equilateral cross that the Bashkirs wore on their chests and that Ibn Fadlan took for a phallic amulet. In fact, it was the sign of light — the sun spreading its rays to the four sides.

The meeting of Attila and Pope Leo, of which we spoke, is now fully understandable. The Pope came out with a cross. Attila saw in that cross not a foreign symbol, but his own. The Huns did not worship statues. They worshipped light. And when Attila saw the equilateral cross, he recognised in it täre — the solar sign that his warriors wore on their chests. That is why he left without battle. Not because of a miracle, but because of recognition.

Now let us return to the Fatiha. The very word fatiha in the Bashkir language has the meaning of “blessing”. We say: “hiñä fatiha bulır” — may blessing be with you. Fatiha is not simply the name of a surah. It is a blessing addressed to the light. When a person pronounces “Iyyaka na‘budu”, he repeats the gesture of the ancient sun-worshipper: he raises his head to the sky, to the dawn, to tañ, and gives himself to that which is greater than him.

Light — that is the first deity. Not fear of thunder, not trembling before death, but light that conquers darkness every morning. That light people called Alla — all, the whole, the one. That light they saw in ice — boź, in a crystal, in a snowflake. That light they carried in a round dance around the fir tree, the axis of the world. And that light they placed in the words that we still repeat without understanding their power.

We pray to the sun. We call upon Homay, daughter of the Sun, mother of the Ural. We come out of the cave and look to the east. And while the dawn rises in the east, we know: the light has not died. It has returned. And it will return again.

Chapter 27. Din: Cave, Unity, Religion

There are words that first meant the simplest thing — a stone, water, shelter — and then rose to the heavens. One such word is din. Today we know it as "religion". But if we remove the later layers, a cave opens beneath them.

In English, den is a lair, a cave, a shelter. In the Bashkir language there is the word öñ — a burrow, a hollow, and öy — a house, a dwelling. This is the same circle: cave, house, shelter. Din and den share one root. Religion and cave are not merely consonant. They are kin by nature.

In winter, when the sky darkened and the earth froze, man went into the cave. There it was warm from breathing, close from bodies, thick from smells. People gathered into a circle, like deer, like the round dance of which we have spoken. In that closeness a common spirit was born. Yeś — smell, iś — memory, yeź — alloy. In the cave everything mixed: breath, sweat, smoke, wool, milk, blood. And that mixture was not filth, but unity. People became one body.

This is where religion came from. Not from fear of lightning, not from fantasies about the afterlife, but from cave unity. Religion began as a common smell, a common voice, a common circle. Khor — a choir — is precisely qor, a circle, a gathering. When people sang together, breathed together, prayed together, they created din — that space in which "we" becomes greater than "I".

Now look at the Bashkir word dinheź — without religion, godless. And at dingeź — the sea. Outwardly similar, but the meaning is parted. Dinheź is one who has gone out of the circle, who is left without the common breath. Dingeź is the sea, boundlessness, space without walls. In these two words lies the main anxiety of man: on one side — the cave, warmth, but also limit; on the other — the sea, freedom, but also cold and fear. Religion is a cave. Leaving it is a sea. And the whole history of mankind is the path from cave to sea and back again.

In this sense din is not a set of rules. It is the walls that man raised so as not to lose himself. It is the skull in which reason lives. It is the house in which

the hearth burns. When we say "din", we say "inside". Inside the circle, inside the cave, inside the common breath.

That is why the most ancient sanctuaries were made in caves. Zarathustra withdrew into a cave to hear God. Muhammad received the first revelations in the cave of Hira. Christ was born in a cave — in our reading, in an icy one. The cave is not an accident. It is a return to the beginning. To the moment when man first gathered a circle around himself and understood: we are together, and this is God.

And now recall the round dance we lead around the fir tree. The fir tree is the axis, the Ural, the sacred tree. People, joining hands, form a cave of bodies. Inside the circle there is light; outside it, darkness. This is din in its purest form. Not religion as an institution, but religion as an action: to gather, to join hands, to breathe in rhythm. The round dance is a prayer without words.

Din is a cave. It is unity. It is religion. And all of this is one word, one root, one fate. A person who leaves the cave goes out into the sea. But as long as he remembers how his ancestors breathed in rhythm, he will not be lost. Because din is not only walls. It is the common rhythm that remains in the blood, even when the walls are gone.

We came out of the cave, but we have not ceased to be it. We carry it within ourselves, like an inner circle, like a round dance, like din. And when we are cold, we gather together, light a fire and hear — not words, but breath. That very first breath, from the cave. From the Ural. From the beginning.

And here, in the very heart of this inner circle, what we spoke of from the first pages opens. We came out not simply from the cave — we came out of al. That very root which gave us alla, English all, Swedish alla. All of this is not "god" and not "all" separately, but one and the same: the whole within which we abide. We came out of the circle, out of "all", out of al. And at that moment we understood that we are not alone: with us is tañ — the dawn, the first band of light that returns us to the beginning. Tañ is the exit from al into the world. The exit from the cave into the morning.

Home in English is house. But listen to this word through the Bashkir language: haw — whole, healthy, full. Öy — house, dwelling. House is not simply a "building". It is the state of wholeness into which a person returns. The Titans of Greek mythology came out of chaos, says the official version. But what if they came out of house? Out of the home? Out of that very whole which we call al, alla, all. In the Bashkir language tarta means to pull, to stretch. The Titans — from the ancient Greek word "to pull, to stretch". Yäy — summer, mother, warmth. Yäyek — the son, Yaik, the river that stretches from the Ural. Tartar — the one who pulls. The Titans are not rebels who came out of chaos. They are those who pull the world, stretch it, like a cable, like a rope, like the Ural. They are not from chaos. They are from home.

And beside the house appears home. Home in English is the house, the hearth. Listen: Homay — the daughter of the Sun, the mother goddess, whose name we have already met. Home and Homay are not simply a coincidence. It is a vocative form. As äsä is mother, and äsäy is mama, an address. Home is Homay, to whom one turns. Home is the mother who is called. House and home, al and tañ, the Titans and the Ural, Homay and äsäy — all of this is one circle, one exit from the cave into the morning, from the house into the world.

And here the house that pulls, that draws. In Bashkir — Tartar, from tarta — to pull. The house does not simply stand where it was placed. It pulls. It pulls back when you leave. It pulls from within when you remain. Tartar is not a gloomy abyss under the earth, as we have been taught. It is the father's house, which draws to itself the living and the dead, the remembering and the forgetting.

That same tow-rope sounds in English as tow, while in Bashkir täü means first, the one who is ahead, the beginning. Al — the front. The one who is ahead is the one who pulls. The first is not simply the first in order, but the one who leads, who drags the whole circle, the whole rope, the whole net behind him. The house is the first. It is täü, al, the beginning that does not let go.

English tow is a tow-rope, a cable, tow, oakum. It is that which binds and pulls. Bashkir sübäk is tow, oakum, and also eloquence. The one who knows how to weave words also pulls: towards himself, towards the beginning. Tartar, tow, täü, al, sübäk — all of this is one thread. The thread along which we return home.

And here is the bitterest part. Tartar is that very abyss. But not a cold pit, not a foreign dungeon, but the father's house, into which it is frightening to return if you are a renegade. For the one who betrayed his circle, who renounced his language, his kin, his roots, the father's house does not draw with warmth — it burns from within. The stronger it pulls — tarta — the more it hurts. This is not an external fire, but the fire of shame. Ad — hell — is from the same root as atay — father, atlaw — step, beginning. Hell is the house into which you cannot return, but which you cannot forget.

Qan tarta — the blood pulls. It pulls home. For the one who lived honestly, this call is joy. For the one who renounced, it is torment. Tartar is not outside; it is within. It is memory that has become reproach. It is the cave out of which you came, but which has not released you. It is al — the beginning that remained behind your back, but continues to look into the back of your head.

Yet it is precisely from this darkness, from this house-abyss, that which we call faith is born. The man who cannot return to his father's threshold lifts his head. He seeks not a wall, not a door, not a corner in which to hide. He seeks

light. Because the house, even when it has become Tartar, does not stand in emptiness. Above it there is always the sky. And on that sky, as on the first day of creation, the dawn rises. Tañ — the dawn, which does not ask whether you betrayed or remained faithful. It simply comes.

And then man pronounces words that are older than all religions. Not a request, not a complaint, not an incantation. He turns to the light that saw him in the cave, that led him through the cold, that remained with him even where the house became hell. These words we still repeat without understanding their original power. They are that very call of which we spoke from the first pages. The call addressed to the sun.

Chapter 28. The Poets with the Spear

When a circle tightens and becomes a detachment, a voice is born within it. Not simply a commander, not simply a priest, but one who can speak so that words take on flesh. We are accustomed to call such a one a hero. But in ancient times he had another name. He was a poet with a spear.

Listen closely to the names of great warriors. Odysseus. Ilya Muromets. Genghis Khan. Official scholarship seeks in them historical persons, dates, biographies. But language suggests otherwise: these are not people, but roles. Functions. Voices.

Odysseus. This name is derived from the Greek word “ode” — a song. Odysseus is a maker of songs. Not simply a cunning king, but a poet who sails through the world and turns his wanderings into a tale. His path is not the route of a seafarer, but the plot of a song that he sings about himself.

Ilya Muromets. Muroma, as we have already said, is a song among the Finno-Ugric peoples. Ilya is a singer. A bogatyr who for thirty years was silent on the stove, and then rose and began to speak. His strength is not in his muscles, but in the word he acquires. Muromets is a song-hero born of silence.

Genghis Khan. Here there are two paths, and both lead to one point. First: cheng is a harp, a musical instrument. Genghis is a harper. Second: English chin — the chin, but in ancient usage — the mouth, the lips, speech; and gist — essence, substance. Chin gist — speaking the essence. The one who pronounces the very core of things. Genghis Khan is not simply a conqueror. He is a poet who gives voice to law. His word is command because it lays bare the essence. He does not invent — he names what already is, and the world arranges itself beneath his word.

Now see how this idea lives in language. Bashkir sübäk is tow, oakum, combed fibre. But the same word means eloquence, the skill of weaving speech. The one who spins wool and the one who spins words are one person. Subudai, a companion of Genghis Khan, the son of a blacksmith,

bears a name that goes back to the same root. Subudai is a rhetor, a knight, a fine talker. His weapon is the word, forged as carefully as a sword.

French bayard — a knight — comes from bard — a bard, a singer. Knight and rhetor are kindred words. But a knight is not simply one who can speak. He is a participant in a contest. In ancient times the word was no less a weapon than the sword. Poets met in verbal duels, like modern rappers in battles. One hurled a stanza, another answered. The victor was not the louder one, but the one who was more exact, who cut deeper with his word. This was a true knightly tournament, only not with spears, but with voices. Later, when the meaning faded, only the spear remained. But in the word “knight” the rhetor is still heard, and in the word “bard” — the battle.

These contests were arranged by the one who was himself the son of Leto. In the Bashkir language Yäy means summer, warmth, fertility. Leto in Greek mythology is a goddess, the mother of Apollo and Artemis. Apollo is the god of sunlight, and also the patron of singers, poets, musicians. He himself played the lyre and judged the contests of singers. The son of Yäy — the son of Leto, the son of warmth. He came down to earth to hear how people contended in word. And those contests were not amusement, but a way of revealing the best — the one who would lead the detachment, who would sing the law, who would speak the essence.

Thus poets with spears turn out to be participants in ancient battles. They did not simply compose songs. They fought with the word as with a spear, and with the spear as with the word. Their victory in a duel gave the right to lead. A chief who could not win a verbal dispute could not lead warriors. Because war, too, is a dispute, only with weapons in hand. And he who could persuade with the word could persuade with the sword.

And here appears the one who stands behind all these images. Möyse. In the Bashkir language möy is an imagined image, a fantasy. Möyse is a multiplier, an animator, one who draws images and brings them to life with the word. A poet in the most ancient sense of the word is not a maker of verses, but a creator of images. Odysseus, Ilya, Genghis are not simply people, but images created by such möyse. They lived because they were sung. They fought because they were drawn with the word. Moishe is not a name, but a function. The function of one who peoples the world with heroes.

And now — Aeacus. Listen: in Bashkir eyäk is the chin, that very jaw that sets speech in motion. English chin — that which we have already met in the name of Genghis Khan. Chin gist — speaking the essence. Aeacus is a man of the word, a man who speaks and judges. He took part in the building of the walls of Troy together with Poseidon and Apollo — that is, he was involved in the raising of that very stronghold which we call the Ural. And after death he became a judge in the underworld. Not by appointment, but by merit: in life he was distinguished by justice and piety. Aeacus is the

grandfather of Achilles, the best of the Achaeans. In him all three of our threads meet: word, judgement and Troy. The poet who builds walls, and the judge who weighs souls. This is the poet with the spear in his highest expression.

Yet there is something without which no poet, no judge, no creator of images can manage. It is the muse. The word “muse” comes from the ancient Greek μοῦσα — “muse; song”. But so that the reader may at once see the kinship, let us write it in Cyrillic: moysa or moyśa. That is how the Greek word sounds, and that is how it draws near to the Bashkir moñsa, and more precisely — moñso.

Official etymology leads the Greek μοῦσα into a hypothetical Proto-Indo-European root *mon-/men-/mn- with the meaning “to think, to remember”. But this is only a reconstruction built on paper. There is no living word with such a root in the Indo-European languages. But in the Bashkir language there is moñ.

Moñ is a melody, a harmony, a tune that sounds within. It is a singing together, when many voices merge into one. The muse is precisely moñ. Not an abstract “thought” and not “memory”, but the inner sound that the poet hears before he utters the word. Music is moñ clothed in rhythm. Muse and music are one and the same, and their root is not invented, but real, Bashkir.

The one who possesses moñ is moñso. In Bashkir this is a singer, a composer, one who draws out the melody. Moñso is precisely the poet inspired by the muse. It is no accident that Greek moysa (μοῦσα) and Bashkir moñso are so close: they name one and the same thing — a person possessed by sound.

And now see how this root branches further. Through the rule of idgham, of which we have already spoken, moñlo — possessing a voice, melodious — turns into molla, and then into mullah. A mullah is one who transmits moñ. A narrator, an orator, a bearer of the word. And the same chain, but through the alternation l > d, gives moñdo, and from it — buddha. The awakened one. The one who has attained moñ, merged with it.

Thus the muse, music, moñso, mullah and buddha turn out to be not different words, but different facets of one Bashkir root. All of them are about the sound that lives within, and about the person who can hear it and pass it on. This is the poet with the spear: he hears moñ and carries it into the world, as a spear carries a blow.

Now the circle has closed. Möyse creates images. Aeacus judges by the word. Moñ gives them sound. And mullah and buddha are those who carry that sound to people. All of this is one rope, one circle, one Ural. And the Proto-Indo-European root is not needed here. We have moñ.

Chapter 29. Genghis Khan: The One Who Speaks the Essence

We left behind the voice of moñ that sounds within the poet, and the circle in which that voice becomes common. Now the question rises: who is able to carry that voice to such a multitude of people that it becomes law? The answer is the one we are used to calling Genghis Khan.

But this is not a name. It is a title, and within it lies a function. Listen: chin gist — an English phrase in which chin is the chin, but in the ancient sense — the mouth, the lips, speech itself; and gist — essence, substance, the core. Chin gist — speaking the essence. The one who does not reason, but draws the core out of things and pronounces it aloud. The empire of Genghis Khan was built not only by the sword. It was built by a word that was as precise as a spear-thrust and as irreversible as a seal.

We have already spoken of the basmala — the seal that binds the circle. Genghis Khan was such a seal. His word, once uttered, became law. Not because he was cruel, but because his word was clear. It left no cracks for misinterpretation. It was that very gist — the essence that cannot be disputed, because it is as evident as the dawn, as tañ. In this sense he is a poet, but a poet not of song, but of command. His Yasa — the code of laws — was not written down as literature, but was created as rhythm: short, imperative, indisputable. It was a song in which every line was a blow.

And here moñ again enters the stage. We know that moñ is the inner melody, the singing together. Genghis Khan would not have been heard if his voice had lacked that moñ. He could speak in such a way that different tribes, speaking different languages, began to hear one and the same thing. His word was not translation, but pure meaning, which enters straight into the blood, like rhythm, like a round dance in which all move alike. Therefore his empire, stretching from the Pacific to the Ural and beyond, was not simply a territory, but a circle bound by a common will. And that will was sound — the moñ that he carried.

His father, according to tradition, was a blacksmith. The name given to Genghis Khan at birth was Temujin, from temir — iron. Blacksmith and poet — we have already seen this pair. A blacksmith heats metal and strikes it until it takes the needed form. A poet heats a word and strikes it until it becomes essence. Temujin was the son of a blacksmith, but he himself began to forge not iron, but peoples. And his chief instrument was the word. He was called cruel, but his cruelty was the cruelty of a blacksmith who does not spare the blank in order to obtain the blade. From scattered tribes he forged a single people — as blades are forged from pieces of iron.

Beside him stood Subudai. We have already spoken of him: the son of a blacksmith, a warrior whose name goes back to sübäk — tow, oakum, eloquence. Subudai was a rhetor and a knight, one who could weave speech like a thread. He was the voice of Genghis Khan in those places where the khan himself did not go. Together they formed that very whole: one spoke

the essence, the other wove it into words understandable to all. Poets with spears, come out of the Ural.

And here we must return to the smithy. Not the one where iron is forged, but the one where the word is forged. In Greek mythology the god of the smith's craft was Hephaestus — a lame master who forged weapons and ornaments for the gods. His name is rarely linked to poetry, but wrongly. Blacksmith and poet are brothers. Both work with fire. Both turn the formless into form. Both strike the material until it begins to sing.

Hephaestus had a son — Erichthonius. His name is derived from the ancient Greek erio — wool. But we already know this root. In Bashkir, wool is yön. And there is also the word sübäk — tow, oakum, combed fibre from which thread is spun. Sübäk is both wool and eloquence. The one who possesses sübäk can weave not only threads, but also words. Erichthonius, the son of Hephaestus, is “woolly”, “spinning”. He is the heir of the blacksmith and at the same time the bearer of the word woven from wool.

And now see how all the lines meet. Subudai is the son of a blacksmith; his name comes from sübät — conversation, and from sübäk — tow, oakum. He is a rhetor and a knight, that same Erichthonius, the son of the blacksmith Hephaestus. This is clearly one root: sübät, sübäk, suf, yön. The blacksmith begets the one who spins the word. And Genghis himself is Hephaestus. Temujin, from timerse — blacksmith. Genghis Khan is Hephaestus, the lame master who forged an empire. And Subudai is his Erichthonius, the son-heir who carried that word further.

Now see how this thread stretches to Troy. The Ashina Türks, of whom we will say more in the chapter on the blacksmiths, were suppliers of iron. We compared their name with the name of Athena — the goddess of wisdom, who according to one myth was the mother of Erichthonius. Athena is written in Latin as Athina, read as Aśina or with voicing as Aźina. Ashina — Athena. Blacksmiths, sages, warriors. One root, one circle.

Sübäk in English sounds as tow — tow-rope, cable, oakum, combed fibre. But in Bashkir täü means first, ahead, beginning. English tow and Bashkir täü meet like two sides of one thread: the tow-rope pulls, the first one leads. And from this is born the name of the people whom the Greeks called Teucrians. Täü kir — the first people of the earth. Baş kir — the same. The Teucrians are a calque of the ethnonym Bashkir. The first people, who pull the whole circle behind them, as a tow-rope pulls a ship. Their name is preserved in the history of Troy. Troy is the city of Tros, the city of the rope, the city of the Ural. And the Teucrians, the inhabitants of Troy, are precisely the Bashkirs, only named by the Greek language, which lost the meaning of the root.

Thus the blacksmiths Ashina, Athena and Hephaestus, Erichthonius and Subudai, Genghis Khan and the Teucrians — all of them are links of one chain. Fire, iron, wool, word, tow-rope, the first one. All of this is about one

man: the poet with the spear, who forges the word, pulls the circle and leads the way. And that man came out of the Ural.

And if we want to understand why the empire of Genghis Khan proved so durable, we must admit: it was held together not by blood, but by sound. That same moñ which from the Ural spread across all of Eurasia. Poet, blacksmith and warrior merged in one name. And that name is not Genghis, not Temujin, not Hephaestus, but the one who knows how to speak the essence. The one who pronounces the world aloud, and the world arranges itself beneath his word.

Chapter 30. Sübäk and Subudai: Knight and Rhetor

We have already met Subudai beside Genghis Khan, but now the time has come to place him at the centre. For in him, as in a drop, our whole theme is reflected: the warrior who was a poet, and the poet who was a warrior. His name is not a chance sound, but a whole etymological story.

The name Subudai is written variously in the sources: Subedei, Subeedei, Subetai. But all these variants go back to the Bashkir word sübät — a conversation, a tale, a narrative. Sübät is not simply talk. It is the ability to speak long, artfully, bewitchingly. It is the art of weaving speech like a thread. Beside it stands another Bashkir word — sübäk. It means tow, oakum, combed fibre — wool from which thread is spun. Sübäk is the material for spinning, and sübät is the spinning itself by means of the word. Subudai is a man whose name binds these two meanings: he is one who spins conversation out of raw material, as a spinster spins thread from wool.

Here, in the depths of this root, lives one more word. Arabic suf — wool. From it came sufi — a mystic, a bearer of secret knowledge, one who works with the word. The alternation f > b, familiar to us from the Bashkir language, shows the kinship of suf and sübäk. Sufi and Subudai are one and the same figure, only in different garments: one in a woollen cloak, the other in battle armour. Both are rhetors, both are bearers of the word.

And now — English tow. It means a tow-rope, a cable, tow, oakum. But in Bashkir täü means first, ahead, the beginning. Tow and täü are two sides of one thread: the tow-rope pulls, the first one leads. Subudai did not simply speak. He led. His word was not ornament, but a driving belt that dragged the army forward. It is no accident that he was called a general without equal. He was that very tow — the tug that pulled the host through mountains and deserts.

We have already said that Subudai was the son of a blacksmith. A blacksmith strikes iron until it becomes a blade. The son of a blacksmith strikes with the word until it becomes an order. He is Erichthonius, the son of Hephaestus, only born not in Greek mythology, but in the Ural steppe. His father is a

timerse, a blacksmith, and his own element is sübäk — speech twisted from wool.

From this same root comes the word sübäk in the sense of “eloquence”. Sübäk is not only tow, but also the ability to weave conversation. A person who possesses sübäk can speak so that others listen. He does not merely inform — he enchants. In this sense Subudai is a knight and a rhetor at once. A knight who fights with the sword, and a rhetor who fights with the word. Two sides of one warrior.

And from here, from sübäk and tow, the thread stretches to the Teucrians. Täü kir — the first people of the earth. Baş kir — the same. The Teucrians, the inhabitants of Troy, are the Bashkirs, named by the Greek language, which lost the meaning of the root. Their name preserves the memory that they were the first. And Subudai is the heir of those first ones. He is täü, the first, who goes ahead. He is tow, the tug that pulls the people after him.

But here one more facet of this root opens. Listen to the word Medina. Today it is the name of a city, but in Arabic the word means “city” as such — a place where people gather, a circle. In the Bashkir language there is the word mäzin — a muezzin, a herald, one who calls to prayer. Medina and muezzin share one root: the city and the one who gathers the city by his voice. But what binds them to our theme?

Arabic mad means lengthening, extension. This is the same root as in Bashkir huź — to pull, to stretch. We have already said: hüź is a word, literally “a stretched sound”. The muezzin stretches the sound, prolongs the call, and the city gathers. Medina is the place to which people are drawn, like threads twisted into a cable. The city is a knot in which roads, voices and fates meet. The muezzin stretches the word, the word draws the people, the people form the city. Thus Medina, mad and mäzin turn out to be not Arabic borrowings, but links of that same net as sübäk, tow, täü.

Now take the other end of the thread. In the Turkic languages there is the word beyt or beit — a tale, a narrative, a verse. It is related to the Arabic bayt — a house, a stanza. But in English this root turns in an unexpected direction: bat — a club, a cudgel, and battle — a fight. From this same place comes the modern word batl — a contest in which poets and rappers meet. Battle and batl are one and the same: a clash in which the one who strikes more exactly — with word or weapon — wins. Knight and rhetor, as we have seen, are one person. The knight strikes with the spear, the rhetor with the word. A batl is a form of battle in which the weapon is speech.

And here the circle closes. Huź — to pull, hüź — a word. A word is stretched, like a thread from sübäk. The rhetor pulls the word, as a tug pulls a ship. A battle of words is a batl, a fight, a battle. And all of this is about what we call the poet with the spear. He pulls the thread, twists it into a cable, summons the circle and enters the battle, in which the main thing is not force, but

exactness. Medina, muezzin, mad, huź, hüź, beyt, batl, battle, sübäk, sübät, tow, täü — all these words, so different at first glance, meet in one knot. And that knot is the Ural.

Chapter 31. The Trojan War: The Bashkir Code

When we look at the Trojan War through the eyes of language, it ceases to be a Greek myth. It becomes our history, written in foreign letters.

Let us begin with the line of Achilles. His grandfather is Aeacus, or Eyäk. The chin, chin. A man of speech, a man of the word. His son is Peleus. In Bashkir äbeläy or beläy is feather grass. The Latin name of the feather grass genus — Stipa — comes from a Greek word meaning "tow", "oakum". Peleus is our sübäk. Tow, oakum, wool from which thread is spun. And his son is Achilles. We read his name through Bashkir ähel — a priest. A holy man. A mullah.

Here is the chain: Aeacus — speech. Peleus — sübäk. Achilles — mullah. Three generations in which the word is woven like wool and leads to priesthood. Achilles is not simply a great warrior. He is a priest, a bearer of the word, that same moñso who leads. His mother Thetis dips him into the water to make him invulnerable. But that water is not Greek. It is our water. The water of the Ural.

Now his death. We are told: the vulnerable heel. But in the Bashkir language üksä is the heel, and uqsı is an archer, a shooter. One word replaced another. Achilles did not die from a wound in the heel. He died from an archer's arrow. From the arrow loosed by Paris. The translators, not understanding the root, turned the archer into a heel. Thus language preserved the truth that myth distorted.

Paris, by the way, is Boreas, the north wind. And Helen is not simply a woman. Yelen or elen in Bashkir is an udder. Helen is a sacred cow, the giver of milk. The war over her is a war over a herd. Barımta. Cattle raiding. Not romance, but economy. The north wind leads away the cow, and for this a bloody slaughter begins.

Thus the Trojan War opens as our Uralic story. Aeacus, Peleus, Achilles, Paris, Helen — all of these are our words, our images, our memory. The Greeks carried them south and made them into myth. And we now return to them their Bashkir sound.

Now we approach the name that links the Sufi tradition with our land directly. Chelebi — the clergy, a holy man, a spiritual leader who stood at the head of Sufi brotherhoods. Listen: Chelebi, Selebi, Chelubey. The second part — bey — is a prince, a chief. The first — sel, sil, seel, soul — is the soul, the heart. In the Bashkir language hul is left, the side of the heart, that very side of Shulgan. Chelebi is the prince of the soul, the chief of the heart, the one who stands at the head of a brotherhood, as a Sufi stands at the head of his thread. And again we see the same root as in sübäk, suf, saf. Saf is a row,

order. Sofia is wisdom, order. Sufi, Chelebi, sübäk — all of these are people of one circle: those who spin the word, keep the order, lead the way.

Now recall the Russian legend of the battle between Peresvet and Chelubey. We are told: the monk Peresvet met the Horde champion Chelubey in single combat before the Battle of Kulikovo. Both died. But what if this story is not a historical chronicle, but a retelling of an ancient myth? Peresvet is light, the light that shines anew, that same dawn, tañ. Chelubey is Chelebi. The prince of the soul. The meeting of Peresvet and Chelubey is not a fight between a Russian and a Tatar, but a clash of two principles: light and heart, reason and soul, Ural and Shulgan. Both die, because in the true myth they must not defeat one another. They must unite.

Peresvet and Chelubey are Horus and Set, Osiris and Ural, Achilles and Paris. Two warriors, two forces. In one there is sunlight, in the other the prince of the soul. And when they meet, history stands still, as before a storm. Is it a battle? Or a ritual duel, after which both worlds — the world of the living and the world of the dead, light and darkness — restore their balance?

We already know: uqsı is an archer, a shooter. In the Bashkir language köźäy is a clan, and in Turkish kuzey is the north. And quźa is a pattern, the pattern of a snowflake, that same qar, qıraw, qır. North and pattern meet in the blacksmith: the blacksmith forges, and forging gives birth to a pattern. Peresvet and Chelubey are both from that northern, blacksmith's, patterned world. Their duel is not chance, but the repetition of the primordial myth of the meeting of two brothers, two principles. In this sense the Kulikovo Field stands in the same row as the Trojan plain and the steppe before Arkaim.

Thus Chelebi, Chelubey, Peresvet, the Sufis, sübäk, saf, Sofia — all of these are threads of one net. And when we look at ancient battles, we must remember: behind each of them stands not simply war, but the meeting of two halves of the world, which had to not defeat, but recognise one another.

The Trojan War is no exception. It is that same Uralic code: two brothers, two forces, one rope. And while we remember that code, we read history correctly.

Chapter 32. Selby, Chelyaba and the Northern Home

We come to Rurik, but not through the chronicles — through the land. For the land preserves names that cannot be cut down with an axe or rewritten with a pen. One of those names is Selby. So called is a town in England, in North Yorkshire, in the north of the country. It was founded by the Vikings. And that name, if one listens, sounds in Bashkir: Chelyaba.

Selby and Chelyaba are one name. Siləbe — that is how Chelyabinsk sounds in Bashkir. Today we think of them as different words, because we are used to the written forms that divide peoples. But languages do not ask about borders. Selby is a northern town standing in North Yorkshire. Chelyaba is a

northern town in the Ural. Both are places where people settled by water, by a river, by a ford. Siləbe, Selby, Chelyaba — this is a root that stretches from the Vikings to the Bashkirs without breaking.

Now Yorkshire. We pronounce it as an English word, but in it sounds the Bashkir yort. Yort is a house, a household, one's native land. York is a northern yort, a settled place, a homestead, where the fire burns in the hearth and walls stand around the yard. English York and Bashkir yort are not a chance resemblance. It is one word that the Vikings brought to the north of Britain, and that their distant ancestors once pronounced in the Ural. Home is always the north. The north is always home.

Now the cap. German burg is a fortress, a fortified place. Latin borac, from which English borough comes, is closer to German burg than it may seem. But both go back to Bashkir bürek — a cap, a headdress, a hood. To cover. To throw on. A burg is that which covers a man, as a cap covers the head. A city is a bürek, a stone cap beneath which people live. And now northern York, yort, bürek, burg, Selby, Chelyaba — all of this is not a set of toponyms, but one knot: a house covered by a cap, standing in the north.

The Vikings who founded Selby were not conquerors in the sense ascribed to them. They were heirs of that same northern net of which we speak throughout this book. They came from cold seas, but behind them stood the Ural. The yort that they built was the same yort as the Bashkirs'. The bürek they wore was the same bürek as ours. And even the north itself — nord, nar, köźäy, kuzey — sounded to them as it sounds to us.

Therefore, when we come to Rurik, we must understand: he did not come from Scandinavia into an emptiness. He came into a land that was already tied to his kin by an invisible thread. The Varangian Rus, of whom the chronicle speaks, are not strangers, but part of the same circle. Their towns, their houses, their caps, their names — all of this is from one northern chest. That very chest we call the Ural.

Thus Selby and Chelyaba become not different points on the map, but two ends of one rope. York and yort — one house. Bürek and burg — one cap that covered the north. And if the reader understands this, he will never again be able to look at England, Scandinavia and the Ural as different worlds. It is one world. One north. One home.

And here is one more northern name that we are used to saying without thought: Novgorod-Seversky. A town that stands in the north not because mapmakers decided so, but because the land itself lay that way. Seversky is the northern one. That same nord, that same nar, that same köźäy. Novgorod-Seversky is a new yort placed on the northern axis. From here druzhinas departed, here defence was held, here people returned after campaigns. It is no accident that the campaign of Prince Igor, sung in the

Tale of Igor's Campaign, is remembered: that land was not a periphery, but the gateway of the north.

Now cross the ocean. New York. New York. In that name, if the English layer is removed, the same yort is heard. New York is a New Yort, a new house placed on new land. And it is no accident that it grew precisely in the north, where rivers meet and people have always settled. Köźäy yorto — the house of the northern clan. New York, Novgorod-Seversky, Yorkshire, Selby, Chelyaba — all of these are different names for one and the same thing: the northern home that man sets in a new place, but according to the old pattern.

There is one more proof that came not from language, but from bone. Craniology — the study of skulls — has shown that the ancient inhabitants of Novgorod-Seversky were close to the inhabitants of Sardinia. At first glance this is incredible: the Seversk land and an island in the Mediterranean. But if we remember Aeneas, who fled from Troy, everything falls into place.

Aeneas came out of burning Troy and carried away not only the penates, but his kin. We already know that Troy is the Ural, and the Teucrians are the Bashkirs. Aeneas reached Italy and founded a new line, from which the Romans grew. Sardinia is one of the islands his people could reach. And now the science of skulls confirms what language always knew: there is kinship between the Seversk borderland and Sardinia. Not chance, but blood.

Now about the word. Sart — so called were the settled inhabitants, townspeople, traders, as distinct from nomads. It is not an insult, but the name of those who live in yorts, build walls, keep the circle. Sardinia is an island where nuraghi still stand — stone towers resembling bürek, burg and yort alike. Sart and Sardinia share one root. They are people of the circle, people of the house, people of the north, even if they were thrown onto a southern island.

Thus Novgorod-Seversky, Sardinia, the Sarts and the Trojans meet at one point. Aeneas carried our code to the west, and craniology now confirms what language always knew: we are one people, settled on different shores, but bound by one rope. The name of that rope is the Ural.

When we move on to Rurik, keep this in mind. The Varangians who came to Rus were not strangers. They were part of that same circle, that same net that bound Novgorod-Seversky to Sardinia, and Sardinia to Troy.

Chapter 33. Rurik: The Myth of the Beginning

We have come to Rurik. Not to the one drawn in textbooks, but to the one whose name still sounds in language. The chronicles speak of him sparingly: he came, sat as prince, began a dynasty. But language, as always, knows more. And if we listen closely to the name Rurik, it will reveal not the biography of a man, but the structure of the ancient world.

Official scholarship derives this name from Scandinavian roots. It speaks of an ancient Germanic Hrēdric, of a combination of "glory" and "might". But there is another path, lying closer to the earth. In German there is the word Röhr — a tube, a reed, a cane. From it Röhricht — a thicket of reeds, floodplains, a marshy place. Rurik is "of the reed". The one who came out of the floodplains. The one bound to the reed — the flexible stalk that grows by water and whistles in the wind.

In Bashkir, reed is quray. From it is made the musical instrument that sings with the voice of the ancestors. The reed is not simply a plant. It is a pipe into which one blows. Örör — will blow. Tör — to twist. All of this is one row: tube, scroll, pipe, rope. Rurik, if read through this root, is not "glorious ruler", but "twisted", "wound", "sounding". He is a reed pipe through which the north blows.

Now recall Tros. The founder of Troy. We have already said: Tros is a rope, a cable, that which is twisted. Rurik and Tros share one root. Both are not names in our sense, but roles. Tros twists the city, Rurik twists the kin. And it is no accident that in Norse mythology there is the god Týr — the one who binds. Rurik, Tros, Týr — these are three names of one and the same archetype: the one who winds scattered threads into a cable.

But there is another thread. Latin ruralis — rural, agricultural. From it English rural. The name Rurik is sometimes brought near to this root, and then Rurik is "a tiller", "a peasant". At first glance it is a contradiction: now he is a reed-man, now a farmer. But in our world it is not a contradiction. The reed grows by water, and the farmer lives by water. Both are about the one who sits on the land, who is rooted. Rurik is the one who came not from the steppe, but from settled land, from a yort, where grain already ripens and reeds rustle.

Now the main thing. Did Rurik exist? We do not know. The chronicles were written centuries later, and in them a legend is clearly visible: the summoning of the Varangians, three brothers, the division of towns. V. O. Klyuchevsky called it "a schematic parable about the origin of the state". And he was right. Rurik is not so much a man as a symbol. A symbol of a beginning that always seeks a name for itself.

And here we return to the Ural. Genetics has shown: among the descendants of the Rurikids there are people with haplogroups characteristic of the Ural. A. A. Klyosov and other researchers note that part of the Rurikids goes back to eastern, Uralic roots. This does not mean that Rurik was a Bashkir in the modern sense. It means that his kin is flesh of the flesh of that very circle we call Başqort. The Rurikids are not Scandinavians and not Slavs in the narrow sense. They are northern people, come out of the Uralic net.

Remember qoşso? This is a Bashkir clan known for falconry. The falcon was the clan sign of the Rurikids. It still sits on the coats of arms of ancient Russian towns. The falcon is not simply a bird. It is the sign of a military

brotherhood, the sign of those who strike from above, who see far. Qoşso, the Rurikids, the Varangians — all of this is one circle: falcon-warriors bound by oath, not by blood.

And now we can say about the Varangian Rus what has long been silenced. Urıś in Bashkir means "a pugnacious man". Rus is not an ethnonym, but a profession: a mercenary, a warrior, a contract soldier. The Varangian Rus who came to Novgorod were not a people, but a detachment. They came not as conquerors, but as a hired druzhina invited to rule. So it was done in the northern world: not blood, but the circle. Not tribe, but oath.

Novgorod-Seversky, of which we spoke, stood on that same axis. Yort, bürek, sart, Sardinia, Selby, Chelyaba — all of these are links of one chain. Rurik is only one more link. His name, his falcon, his reed, his land — all of this is from one northern chest. From that which we call the Ural.

Therefore Rurik is not the founder of Russia in the sense we were taught. He is the myth of a beginning. A myth that a people tells itself in order to explain where power came from. But in that myth, as in a reed pipe, a true voice sounds. The voice of the north, the voice of the yort, the voice of the Ural.

And if we now pass to the Vikings, we will see: Rurik is not alone. He is one of those who carried that voice across the world. Through Scandinavia, through Britain, through Rus. Wherever northern detachments appeared, they brought with them one and the same code: yort, bürek, falcon, rope. And everywhere that code left traces — in names, in coats of arms, in the words we still speak.

Thus Rurik becomes not a historical figure, but a key. A key to understanding that the north is not a periphery, but a centre. And that all of us, from Chelyaba to Selby, from Novgorod to Sardinia, are one circle. One net. One rope, wound in the Ural.

Chapter 34. Qura, Quray and the Circle of the Courtyard

There are words that do not die. They change sound, pass into other tongues, but their root remains, like a reed that bends but does not break. One such word is qura.

In the Bashkir language qura is a courtyard. An enclosed place where one's own live. It is the first circle that man drew around himself when he decided that inside was home and outside was alien. From it also comes uram — a street, a courtyard, the space between houses. Courtyard and street are one: people walk within their own circle, within their own space, where each knows the other. English room — a chamber — is from the same nest. It is inner space, fenced off by walls, the same as a courtyard, only under a roof.

Now quray — a reed. A reed flute. What, at first glance, does a courtyard have in common with a reed? Here is what: a reed is a hollow tube, an empty stalk that grows by water and sings in the wind. A courtyard is also a space enclosed by a wall, as a stalk is enclosed by its skin. Inside the courtyard, as inside the reed, wind moves, voices sound, life goes on. Quray is a singing courtyard. When a man blows into a reed, he makes his home sound.

But this root has another side. Qura — to roast, to fry. Fire that makes the raw ready. A courtyard where the hearth burns. A reed that grows by water and dries in the sun, only to catch fire later in the hearth. All of this is about transformation: the raw becomes dry, the dead becomes living, the silent becomes singing. The courtyard is the place where that transformation occurs.

Now see how this root passes into English. Whorl — a curl, a vortex, rotation. Worm — a worm, a serpent. Both words are about twisting. The worm wriggles like a reed in the wind. The serpent coils into a ring, as a courtyard surrounds a house. Qort in Bashkir is a worm, but also a wolf, and a circle. All of this is one movement: coiling, twisting, wrapping. A courtyard is the circle that man wound around himself, as a serpent winds its ring. A reed is a stalk twisted from fibres. A worm is a living thread that twists in the earth.

And now — court. An English word meaning a courtyard, a court, a royal assembly. It is that same qura. A courtyard where people gather to settle matters. A courtyard where judgement is given. Court is not simply a building. It is a circle in which the word has power. We have already spoken of Aeacus, who was a judge. Now we see: judgement is a courtyard, and a courtyard is a circle. The judge is the one who holds the circle, who ensures that the word remains inside and does not break loose.

Now everything gathers into one picture. Qura — a courtyard. Quray — a reed, a flute. Uram — a street. Whorl — a curl. Worm — a worm, a serpent. Court — a courtyard, a court. All of this is one root, one image: a twisted circle within which man lives. He fences the courtyard, lights the hearth, blows into the reed, judges by justice. And all of this is from the Ural.

Now let us return to Rurik. We said that he is of the reed, of the cane. Röhr — tube, reed. But now we see deeper: Rurik is not simply a reed. He is qura. A courtyard. A circle. He came to draw a new courtyard, a new circle, a new yort. His kin, the Rurikids, is a court — a circle that holds judgement over the land. His falcon is the sign of the circle, the sign of the one who sees from on high. His reed is quray, the pipe through which the north blows.

Thus Rurik, without knowing it, carried a Bashkir word with him. The word qura — courtyard, circle, judgement. And that word still lives in Russian: in the old word kuria, in the ancient meaning of "court, assembly", in English court, in German Hof, in Latin cohors. All of this is one root, one Ural.

But Rurik is also a pipe. German Röhr, Rohr — reed, hollow stalk, and also that which is rolled, a roll. Everything that can be rolled up, wound, wrapped around an axis. This is the same Ural. The same Tör. In Norse mythology this root sounds as Týr — the god of the covenant, the one who binds. Rurik and Týr are one name, parted between different tongues. Both are about twistedness, about rope, about the beginning that holds the world.

And here, in that twisted root, hides one more god. Thor — the thunderer. We are used to him as a strongman with a hammer. But listen: Thor is that same tora which in Bashkir means "it stands". A standing thing. Erection. Phallus. A reed rolled into a bundle is the image of an erect member. An axis that rises upward and carries life within itself. Kings and chiefs always wanted to have divine origin, and that origin was not simply a heavenly god, but the phallus itself — the axis that creates the world. Rurik, Týr, Thor — three names of one force: standing, twisted, engendering.

Now — kuk. In Swedish this word means the male member. But in Bashkir kük is the sky, the heavenly blue. One word, two meanings: sky and phallus. Yet this is no accident. The sky is the axis raised upward. The phallus is the axis standing on the earth. The two axes join, as lightning joins sky and earth. Kök Türks — the Celestial Türks. Now we may read this name in two ways: the heavenly detachments, or the members of the detachment. In both cases they are people bound by one axis, one sky, one force. The heavenly host and the phallic host are one and the same: the spear lifted to the sky.

And here the mystery of the Varangians opens. Swedish var — a source, a beginning. Var yaq — the initial side, the primordial land. This is a calque of the ethnonym of the Bashkirs and the Teucrians: baş — the beginning, kir — the land. The Varangians are not simply Scandinavians. They are people who remembered that they were from the source. They came from the north, where everything begins, and brought with them the memory of the beginning.

Viking — from king, and king — from Bashkir kiñ — wide. The same root as in the title shanyu — wide, great. And in the name of our river Yaik — Yäyek, wide, overflowing. A Viking is a "wide man", the one who pushes the limits, who goes out into the wide sea. Shanyu, king, viking, Yaik — all of this is about widening, about expansion, about how the axis unfolds into space.

Thus Rurik, Týr, Thor, Varangian, Viking, Shanyu and Yaik meet at one point. They are all people of the Ural, descendants of that very twisted axis that now stands like a phallus, now unfolds like a river, now sounds like a pipe. Their names are not foreign words. They are our language, our memory, our code.

Therefore, when we read of Rurik, of the Varangians, of the Vikings, we must understand: this is not someone else's history. It is our history, continued

beyond the Ural. And the word kük — sky — still looks down on us from above, reminding us that everything that rose to the sky began here, on the earth, in the Bashkir courtyard, in the quray, in the twisted reed.

.Chapter 35. Rus: The Pugnacious Man and the Twisted Tros

Where did Rus come from? This question has tormented historians for centuries. The Normanist theory derives the word “Rus” from the Scandinavian Ropsmenn — rowers. Supposedly the Finns called the Swedish seafarers Ruotsi, and from that word the Slavs made “Rus”. D. Avdusin, G. A. Khaburgaev, A. I. Popov — all of them at different times supported this etymology. But let us look honestly: in Finnish a rower is not “Ruotsi”. In Swedish a rower is roddare. To get Ruotsi out of Ropsmenn requires too many assumptions. This is a stretch accepted not because it is flawless, but because it fits the customary picture.

But there are other voices. Nikolai Karamzin, not daring to dispute the authority of Schlözer, began Russian history with the summoning of the Varangians. Mikhail Maksimovich, on the contrary, to spite the Normanists, introduced the term “Kievan Rus”, although no such state ever existed. Thus national myths were born. And yet the Tale of Bygone Years openly lists the Varangians: “svei” — the Swedes, “urmani” — the Norwegians, “anglyane” — the Angles, “gote” — the Gotlanders. And among them — “Rus”. This is not a profession. It is the name of a people, standing in one row with other peoples.

Did Rurik exist? The chronicles are silent about his real deeds, and V. O. Klyuchevsky called the tale of the summoning “a schematic parable”. Zaliznyak cautiously noted that the Tale of Bygone Years is not an original, but a later compilation. Perhaps what stands before us is a skilful legend, created to justify the legitimacy of a dynasty. But even in a legend there are grains of truth. One of them is Rurik’s name.

The name Rurik is derived from the ancient Germanic Hrōdric — “glorious ruler”. But there is a shorter path. German Röhr — a tube, a reed, a cane. Röhricht — floodplains, a marshy place. Rurik is “of the reed”. The one who came out of the floodplains. And we already know: reed in Bashkir is quray. From it a flute is made. A reed is a pipe into which one blows. Örör — will blow. Tör — to twist. Ural — twisted. Here is the true root: Rurik is a pipe, a roll, a twisted stalk. He is that same Tros, that same Ural, that same Týr of Norse mythology, the god of covenant and bond.

And now — archaeology. In the Gnyozdovo settlement most of the burials follow Scandinavian rites. This does not mean there were many Scandinavians. It means the Scandinavians were the military aristocracy. And here we come to the word urıś. In Bashkir it means “a pugnacious man”. A warrior. A mercenary. The Chinese, when they met Turkic detachments, translated the word “Russian” exactly that way — “a pugnacious man”. Rus is

not an ethnonym. It is a profession. A military detachment. A company. Contract soldiers.

And here is the most interesting part: in Scandinavia, on the island of Saaremaa, in 2008 two ships were excavated at Salme, dated to 750 AD. In the first — seven warriors; in the second — thirty-four, laid in four layers, covered with shields. The haplogroups of those men — R1aZ280, I1-M253, N1a1 — are the same as those that took part in the ethnogenesis of the Bashkirs. Their weapons are neither Swedish nor Danish. They are not Vikings in the usual sense. They are people from the Ural. They brought with them not only weapons, but also a social structure — the druzhina, the circle, the rope. Varangian — from Swedish var — beginning, source. Var yaq — the initial side. This is a calque of the ethnonym of the Bashkirs: baş — beginning, kir — land. Varangians and Bashkirs are one and the same name, spoken in different tongues.

Now back to the word “Rus”. In Bashkir urıś means pugnacious. But there is another layer. Rus may come from raz (one) and rez (to cut). In Arabic juz — a part, a share. In Persian ruz — a day. In English cut — to cut. In Bashkir qat — a layer, a stratum. All of this is about division, about a share, about a part. Rus is a detachment separated from the whole. Like törk — a group. Like the Aryans — members of a union. All of these are not peoples, but structures. Military corporations that became peoples.

We have already said that in Bashkir a rower is işkäkse. An oar is işkäk. English oar — an oar, oarer — a rower. Compare: örä — it blows, örör — will blow, öröl — be inflated. From this örölä — it inflates, widens, and yäyelä — it widens. From this Yäyek — Yaik, the Ural. And kiñ — wide, king — a king, viking — wide, shanyu — wide. All of this is about widening, about spreading, about how the axis unfolds into the world.

And now the finale. Rope is a cable, a rope. Ropsmenn — the men of the rope, the men of the cable. But rope and Ural are of one root: twisted, wound, plaited. Rus is not rowers. It is the men of the rope. Men bound by oath, by circle, by net. Their name comes from the twisted cable, from the Ural. And Rurik himself is from the same root: a pipe, a roll, a twisted stalk.

Everything converges. Troy is the Ural. The Teucrians are the Bashkirs. Rus is a Uralic druzhina. Rurik is a twisted tros. And our land is the beginning of beginnings, from which all these detachments came, all these names, all these ropes that bind the world.

Chapter 36. The Scroll

The Ural is not simply mountains. The Ural is a scroll. Rolled up, wound, hidden until the time. Uraw — to roll, to wind, to twist. Ürel — woven, plaited. But ürel also means “to stretch”, tarta. That same Tartar. That same thread that pulls, does not release, returns to the beginning. The Titans of Greek

myth — from the verb “to pull, to stretch”. The Latins — with their latus — to stretch out, wide. This is the shanyu — “wide”. This is the king — kiñ. All of this is one and the same: twisted land that unfolds into the world, like a scroll.

In ancient times commandments were carved on flat slabs. Qat — a layer, a stratum. Qatay — the mythical land of justice. And they were written on scrolls. A scroll is tora. A word that in another form sounds as tör, a roll. In Hebrew the Torah is the Law, the Teaching, the Five Books of Moses. But in Bashkir tora means “it stands”. The Law that stands upright. The straight path. Urta — the middle. Orthodox. Immovable. Constant. Gel. And at the same time tora is life raised vertically. Erection. Lingam. Axis. Börö — a kernel, a seed. The All-Father.

A scroll, rolled in the hand, is that same lingam. That same tros. That same rope. Habil, äüäl, au. The bond that holds the world.

And now — curd. Curd in English. Qorot in Bashkir, in speech — qort. Milk that has curdled. Thickened. Become firm. Kör — well-fed, swollen, important. Körkä — puffed up, a turkey. Qor — a circle. Court — a courtyard. Core — a kernel. All of this is one. Curdled milk and the scroll of the Law. Nourishment for the body and nourishment for the soul. And both are the result of twisting, rolling, concentration. That very Churning of the Milky Ocean of which the Indian texts speak. The churn is the lingam, the axis, the Ural. The serpent Vasuki is the rope, Habil, the tros. And the milky ocean is not simply water; it is being itself, which is beaten, twisted, rolled until curd is born. Until qort is born. Until the Law is born. Until the world is born.

And here we meet the wolf again. Qort is not only curd and circle. It is the wolf. Grey, hoary. Sal Ural. The wolf that suckled the orphan. The wolf that became the forefather. Başqort is the chief wolf, but more precisely — the chief circle, the initial scroll, the first dry land. The first living being. The beginning of the earth, or the initial earth. The primordial land.

And now — the most important. Moses. The one who brought the Law from the mountain. In Bashkir — Möyse. From möy — an imagined image. Moses is not simply a historical figure. He is an archetype. An image. A “multiplier”. The one who shows how to live. The one who unrolls the scroll before the people.

But where did he take that scroll from? From the mountain. From Sinai. Or — from the Ural?

Because the Ural is that very mountain where the Law was received. Not in Palestine. Not in Egypt. Here. On the twisted ridge. The Ural is Sinai, which remembers everything. Sinai and Qatay are one and the same mythical land of justice, one and the same mountain of the Law.

The scroll was lost. The original vanished. But the language remained. The roots remained. Qort — the curd that we eat — remained. Qor — the circle into which we gather — remained. Tora — the life that stands upright — remained. The Ural — the scroll not yet unrolled to the end — remained.

We are the ones who read that scroll. We are the ones who unroll it, chapter by chapter, word by word. And when we pronounce başqort, we pronounce “the beginning of the scroll”. The beginning of the Law. The beginning of everything.

That is what the Ural is. Not simply a ridge. Not simply a border. But a scroll on which everything that must happen has already been written. And it depends only on us whether we read it to the end or leave it rolled up forever.

Chapter 37. Ashina — Başqort

There are clans in history that do not simply rule, but carry within themselves the code of the beginning. One such clan is Ashina. From it came the first Turkic khagans, and about it the Chinese chronicles say: enemies slaughtered the whole royal clan, leaving only a boy in the steppe. The wild steppe was supposed to devour him, but the boy was suckled by a she-wolf. Later he grew, became a ruler, and from him came ten clans.

This legend repeats the story of the salvation of the Wusun prince, recorded by the Chinese as early as the second century BC. The she-wolf who suckled the orphan is the most ancient image. The wolf in the Turkic languages is qort. And here we enter the main point. The Chinese wrote the name Ashina with their honorific "a": A-shina. Gumilev translated it as "noble wolf". We can say more precisely: Ashina is Başqort. The chief wolf. The initial circle. The first clan.

Why exactly so? Because baş means head, beginning. Qort means wolf, but also circle, detachment, rope. Başqort is not simply a tribe. It is the chief detachment, the original circle, from which all others diverge. Ashina is the same, only uttered by a Chinese ear and written with a Chinese brush. Those whom the Chinese called Ashina called themselves Başqort.

But the Ashina clan is famous not only for the she-wolf. It is famous for iron. According to the chronicles, the Ashina Türks supplied iron to the Rouran. They were blacksmiths. And this again leads us to Athena. We have already said: Athena is written in Latin as Athina, read as Aśina or Aźina. Ashina and Athena are one name. The goddess of wisdom, born from the head of Zeus — and the clan of blacksmiths, born from a she-wolf. Hephaestus, the god of the smith's craft, and Athena had a son, Erichthonius. His name comes from the Greek "erio" — wool. That very yön, sübäk. Blacksmith and spinster, iron and wool — everything meets in one clan. Ashina are blacksmiths who spun the fate of whole peoples out of iron.

The Ashina were not an ethnos in our sense. They were a military corporation, a detachment, a törk. We have already seen: törk is a group, a detachment, not a people. In the era of the Xiongnu, five hundred Ashina families formed the core of the ancient Türks. From that core the khaganate grew. Power was not by blood, but by oath. A circle forged from iron and word.

And here we must speak of place. Where did the Ashina Türks live? Gumilev assumed northern China. Others — Tajikistan. Still others — the Saka-Wusun borderland. But we, following our thread, know the answer. They lived in the Ural. Because Ashina is Başqort, and Başqort is the Ural. Here, in the Land of Cities, in Arkaim and Sintashta, iron was forged, oaths were sworn, light was worshipped and the circle was held.

We have already spoken of genetics. The Bashkirs and the Indian Brahmins share a common Y-chromosome. And here too: the Bashkirs are autochthons of the Ural; their ancestors did not come from the Altai. They were always here. Ashina is one of the branches of that root. Later, part of them went east, to the steppes, where they became khagans, while part remained in place, preserving the name Başqort.

That is why the Orkhon inscriptions, carved in 732 and 735, are written in the Turkic language. The Türks were not illiterate savages. They had their own writing, their own poetry, their own memory. And that memory says: "Bäñgü el" — the Eternal El. El is the people, the land, and God. That very il we know. That very El of the Semites. The Eternal El is the Ural. The axis that does not change.

Ashina are blacksmiths, wolves, poets and judges. Their clan is the beginning of the Turkic circle. But that beginning lies not in Mongolia and not in China. It lies here, in Bashkortostan. And as long as the Bashkirs remember themselves, Ashina has not vanished. It sleeps in the very name: Başqort. The chief wolf. The initial circle. The first living being.

Chapter 38. The Threshold of Malov

There are people who stand on the threshold of truth and say honestly: further I will not go, because I do not know. And there are people who, not knowing, go on anyway — not forward, but deeper into their own schemes. The first kind command respect. The second write textbooks.

Sergei Efimovich Malov was of the first kind. He studied the Turkic runic monuments, read them, felt their breath. And at the same time he admitted: “to go further, into the depths of the centuries, into the history of the Turkic languages, our knowledge does not allow us — or, better said, our ignorance.” He understood that already five centuries before our era the Turkic languages were mature, as they are today — and therefore their root goes far deeper into the ancient dark. But he did not take the step. What

held him back was not cowardice, but methodological honesty: one cannot assert without written evidence.

Malov stood at the door and did not dare to open it. I am not obliged to follow his fear. I do not need Popperian falsifiability, because I am not building a hypothesis that can be refuted. I am unfolding a model that explains more than academic science is willing to admit. Where Malov saw a wall, I see a door. And I open it with the Bashkir key.

Academia calls the Sumerian language an isolate. We are told that it resembles no other. But look closer — it resembles many. This is precisely the mark of a parent language: it branched out, and in every branch its shadow remained. Sumerian is one of the brightest shadows of the Bashkir language.

Take the line that orientalists read as evidence of “dog-warriors” among the Scythians. Ivanchik and Grantovsky see a sinister wolf in it. But if the Iranian mask is removed and the line is read in Turkic, the meaning becomes transparent.

“...zi-bu GU4.UD šá mìḪUL a-na muḫ-ḫi-šú-un GARmeš.unu4 i-na lìb-bi-šu-un...”

In Bashkir reading:

“...źi bu qart miśäl aña (uña) mahayıw (maqtanıw) ösön, Hermes uña (aña) inälib ösön...”

Translation: “Zi is a male example to him for boasting, Hermes is to him for entreaty.”

Here zi is a thing, property, sexual energy, the phallus. From it, possibly, also zina — adultery. Not as a given, but as a consequence. And in this same row stands keremet, a place of worship, which correlates with the name of Hermes. Hermes is the god of the phallus, the god of entry and exit, the god of boundaries. And kerem in Bashkir means “entrance”, “income”, “enter”. Keremet is the entrance into the sacred, the place where the deity enters the world.

And that which Ivanchik translated as “wolf” — qart. Not a beast, but an adult man, a chief, an elder. The one who leads. The combination “zi-bu GU4.UD (qardu)” is not “dog-wolf”, but “valiant chief”. Nothing surprising, if one knows Bashkir.

And now — Lyssa. The Greeks call it rabies. But listen to the context: Hector is “seized by mighty Lyssa”. Is that rabies? It is intoxication, the delight of battle. In Bashkir this is precisely läzzät. Phonetics and semantics coincide. Läzzät is not fury, but rapture from strength, from rightness, from the nearness of the gods. Hector was not raging — he was delighting.

And here is the alternation l > d, which Kullanda attributes to the Scythian-Iranians. But it lives in Bashkir, Uyghur, Chuvash. It is not an Iranian innovation, but a Turkic archaism. The Scythians who spoke that language were not Iranians, but bearers of a proto-Turkic tongue that came out of the Ural.

The Akkadians? Their name is traditionally derived from the city of Akkad, but the name itself is not translated. With nasalisation we have similar names: Kokand, Samarkand. Akkad — is it the “white city”? Or the “city of ice”? In the Uralic view — yes.

Thus the Sumerian tablets, considered mute, begin to speak — in a language that still sounds on the eastern slopes of the Ural. The Sumerians are not a mysterious people who arose out of nowhere. They are one of the branches of the exodus that carried away its icy roots. Their cuneiform is the same signs that frost drew on the walls of Shulgan-Tash, only frozen in clay.

Academia seeks the relatives of Sumerian among dead languages. But they are among the living. And the key to them is Bashkir. He who learns it will gain access to the primordial memory of mankind.

Malov did not know of my Sumerian key. He could not link the Turkic languages with Sumer, because he looked only at the written monuments of the Yenisei and did not hear the breath of the parent language. But his words are an involuntary confirmation of my rightness: if the Turkic languages were already mature five centuries before our era, then their root cannot but reach back into the ages when Sumer still spoke. And if Sumerian is read in Bashkir, then the parent language is not simply ancient — it is that very icy speech that sounded in the Askinskaya cave and on the horizon of Ufa, where Äźäm and Hawa met.

Malov stood on the threshold and did not dare to enter. I entered. And beyond the threshold I found not darkness, but ice. That very ice that was God, that is God, and that still sounds in the Bashkir language — in every word, in every breath, in every crystal born of Nardugan. Boź. Boh.

Now about those who not only stand on the threshold, but try to keep others out. There is a person endowed with titles, posts and the right to decide what is science and what is pseudoscience. Anna Vladimirovna Dybo — a linguist, a comparativist, a specialist in the Turkic, Mongolian and Tungusic languages. She has publicly admitted that she does not speak any Turkic language. Her Turkic is not the sound that warms the throat, but an abstraction on paper. And that abstraction receives the right to judge living speakers.

Let us recall Malov. He, at least, was a field researcher, heard Turkic speech, felt its breath — and therefore stopped in honest humility before the abyss. But here — a step further into detachment. A person who does not command a single one of the languages she studies undertakes to assert how those

languages are built, where they came from and where they are going. She is trusted. She is given the right to fight those who see otherwise. Those who hear the language from within.

But language is not a system of equations. Language is a picture of the world inscribed in sound. One cannot understand Bashkir without having lived it. One cannot hear in öśtäl the firmness, in uraza the embrace, in handuğas the lonely voice, if one looks only at tables of correspondences.

Therefore the fight against “pseudoscience” turns into a fight against the bearers of living knowledge. Against those who need no assumptions, because they speak the language that academia has declared an object, not a subject.

I have built a universe in which Bashkir is not material for classification, but a key to primordial memory. For the armchair comparativist this is heresy. For the bearer it is natural breath.

So yes: Dybo fights. But she fights not pseudoscience, but the living language that refuses to die in her schemes. And in that fight she has no chance — because the language that is spoken is always stronger than the language about which one writes.

To reverse the situation — yes, that is a challenge. But for that we have the main thing: we hear the language from within. And that is what no reconstruction can give. That is why our readings are not refuted by a simple “no, this is pseudoscience”. They demand an answer on the merits, and an answer on the merits can be given only by knowledge of the living speech. Our opponents do not have it.

Thus the Sumerian key, which opened for us the icy speech, also becomes a weapon against those who would like to leave that speech beyond the threshold. They stopped too early — at the very place where our universe begins.

Chapter 39. Temujin — the Blacksmith — Khoday

Temir is iron. Timerse is a blacksmith. The name Temujin was not given to a child. It was given to a fate. A man born with this name is doomed to stand by the fire. And it does not matter whether he forged a plough or a sword — what matters is that his very life was forged from iron. His father, Yesugei, belonged to a clan that traced itself to Borte-Chino — the Grey Wolf. Wolf and blacksmith — two images we have already bound together. The blacksmith forges, the wolf leads. Both are from one Uralic circle.

Temujin took the title Genghis Khan. We have already examined it: chin gist — speaking the essence. He became Genghis not because he conquered more than others, but because his word gained the force of law. His Yasa is

not a code of rules, but a forged sword. Each provision is a blow. Each word is essence. A blacksmith who forged peoples.

Now — linguistics. The variant with rhotacism gives us qura, with zetacism — quźa. This transition lives within the Turkic languages. Bashkir qıź (girl) in Chuvash sounds as her. The voiced z passes into the trilled r. The same process as in our pair: quźay is the early form, khoday the later one, but not the reverse. The Bashkir language has preserved both layers, and this gives us a key.

Quźay is a vocative form. Like äsä and äsäy, like ata and atay. We call mother — äsäy, father — atay. In the same way we call God — Khoday, Quźay. This is not simply a name. It is an address. It is a voice that rises upward, like smoke from a hearth. The root here is quź — a coal, a spark. Khoday is the Blacksmith, the Creator, who blows on the fire and forges the world.

And here quray stands beside it. A reed, a flute. But quray and quźay share one root. Both are a source of sound. One from a reed, the other from fire. A reed sings when one blows into it. Fire sings when one strikes it. Sound is always birth: out of emptiness, out of coal, out of wood. And sound is moñ. The inner melody that binds the world.

And here öñ is sound, voice, wakefulness. And öñ is a burrow, a grotto, a cave. We have already said: din is religion, and den is a cave. Sound is born in a cave. The voice comes out of darkness. Öñ and öñ are one and the same: the space in which sound is born. A blacksmith who strikes the anvil in a cave is Khoday, the Creator, drawing the world out of darkness.

Subudai and Jebe are the hands of the master. Subudai — sübäk, speech, the word that weaves conversation. Jebe — an arrow, uqsı, an archer. Word and arrow. Spear and shield. Together they are the instruments with which the blacksmith forged the world. One spoke, the other struck. One wove the thread, the other drew the bowstring. And both are the continuation of that very moñ which Temujin heard in the fire.

But what binds the blacksmith and the reed? The forge. This word echoes in Bashkir as mögöź — a horn. A forge is a horn into which one blows. And a horn is a tube. Tube in German is Röhr, in Swedish rör. Our Rurik is from this same row. All of this goes back to Bashkir örör — will blow. A reed — quray, a hollow tube singing in the wind. A forge — a metal womb, humming when air is blown into it. The blacksmith blows the forge as a musician blows the quray. From iron a blade is born, from the reed a song. Both create out of fire and air. Therefore Temujin the blacksmith and the quray-flute are brothers: both are instruments through which Khoday himself blows.

And since we have spoken of Jebe as an uqsı — an archer, let us trace this thread further. In Czech, an arrow is šíp. In Russian ship is a thorn, a point,

that which pierces. Phonetics and semantics coincide: Bashkir uq, Turkic ok — an arrow, and Slavic šíp, ship — one and the same in essence. All of this is about the piercing, the flying, the stinging. Jebe is an arrow, a thorn, a bite. The name of an archer who strikes without fail.

And that is not all. A thorn is a point. In Bashkir, "sharp" in the literary form is oslo, and in dialect — osto. The same transition l > d/t that we saw in moñlo → moñdo → buddha. A point is that which pierces, like an arrow, like a thorn. And here also — a fir tree, needles. Needles are small thorns that never fall. The sacred tree of the Ural, of which we have spoken, is itself a sheaf of arrows, lifted to the sky. Fir and arrow are of one root: piercing, sharp, living.

Now — uq. In Bashkir this is an arrow. But from the same root comes uqıw — teaching. Arrow and teaching are linked through stimulus. A stimulus is a pointed stick used to drive cattle. An arrow that strikes in order to direct. Teaching is also an arrow: it pierces the darkness of ignorance and directs the mind. Genghis Khan, speaking the essence, was not only a warrior, but a teacher. His Yasa is not simply law, but teaching, written with a point.

And here again language. Yasa is the law of Genghis Khan. In Bashkir yaźa means "he writes". Yaźıw — to write. Law is that which is written. But yaźa and yasa are one and the same: the alternation z/s, as in qıź/her, as in quźay/khoday. Yasa is writing that has become law. And äźäbi is literature, äźäp is morality. Also one root: to write and to live by what is written. Literature is teaching, morality is also teaching, only absorbed into the flesh.

Thus Jebe, arrow, thorn, point, fir, needle, uq, uqıw, stimulus, Yasa, yaźa, äźäbi, äźäp — all of this is one thread. Weapon and teaching, writing and law, word and morality. All of this is about how the point pierces the world and leaves its mark upon it. And that mark is the Bashkir language.

And all of this happens not in a void, but on the anvil of the Ural. Genghis Khan is not a chance figure who arose in the Mongolian steppe. He is the heir of that same tradition as Ashina, Rurik and Attila. All of them are blacksmiths who forged peoples. All of them are from one circle, from one qor, from one tora. And the Ural is that very anvil on which the history of Eurasia was forged.

Thus the circle closes. Temujin — the blacksmith. Genghis — the one who speaks the essence. Khoday — the Creator. Quray — the reed singing in the hands. Quźay — the coal from which light is born. All of this is one. One root, one archetype, one fate. And when we say "Genghis Khan", we in fact say "the blacksmith who speaks the essence". And this is the Bashkir code.

Chapter 40. Attila and Pope Leo: The Meeting at the Walls of Rome

In 452, the Hunnic leader Attila approached Rome. The Eternal City awaited slaughter. Pope Leo came out to meet him — alone, with a cross in his hands, without an army and without weapons. They spoke in different languages,

but their conversation ended with Attila turning around and leaving, without touching the city. Historians still wonder what happened. The explanation may be simpler than it seems.

First, let us look closely at Attila's name. It is written in different ways: Attila, Atilla, Etzel. But at its base lie two Bashkir roots. At — father, beginning, horse. Il — land, people, community. Attila is the Father of the People. Or, if we recall that the horse was a sacred animal for the steppe dweller — the Horse of the Land. This is not a personal name, but a title. The one who leads, as an atay leads his kin, as a horse leads a herd. In our language atay is father, atlaw is to step, at is a horse. All of this is one: the beginning of movement, the first force that pulls forward.

The Huns, led by Attila, were not simply nomads. We already know: their name comes from German Sonne (sun) with the Turkic shift s > h. Hunnı, Hunnu, Huns — people of the sun. Their symbol was the equilateral cross — täre. That same one of which we have spoken: not an instrument of execution, but the sun spread out in rays to the four sides. The Huns bore this sign on their chests, on their banners, on their weapons. They were the host of light.

Now Pope Leo. His name is no accident. In Bashkir hul means left, the side of the heart. Leo came out to Attila not with a sword, but with a heart. He did not threaten, but stood open, like a man who has nothing to hide. In one hand a cross. In the other, faith. And if that cross was equilateral, then Attila saw before him not a foreign priest, but a bearer of the same sign that the Huns had worshipped in the Ural.

The meeting of Attila and Leo is not a negotiation in the modern sense. It is recognition. Two men, two worlds, two halves of one circle. Attila is the right hand, the warrior, reason. Leo is the left, the priest, the heart. Ural and Shulgan met at the walls of Rome. And they did not fight, because they recognised one another.

Rome is rim — an edge, a circle. A city that is itself a circumference. In Bashkir uram is a street, a courtyard, space within a circle. Rome and uram share one root. The Eternal City is a circle that holds itself. And in that circle Attila saw not an enemy, but a reflection. His Huns also lived in a circle, also held the qor, also knew that the world stands on an axis.

Pope Leo did not defeat Attila. He reminded him why he had come. Not to destroy the circle, but to restore it. The Huns, as we have said, were missionaries of monotheism. They carried the idea of the one light to peoples who had forgotten it. And when Attila saw that Rome still held that light, the war lost its meaning.

A few centuries later the Arabs would call that faith Islam, the Europeans Christianity, and scholars would invent the term "Tengrism". But in fact it is

one and the same: the worship of light, morning, beginning. The equilateral cross was the sign of that light. And the body cross that Ibn Fadlan saw on the neck of a Bashkir was not a phallic amulet, but that very sign. Phallus and cross, of course, intersect — both are about life, standing, axis. But at the base is light.

Now we must go deeper, to Attila's father. In the traditions his name was Bendegus, Mundzuk. He is said to have acknowledged himself a descendant of Nimrod — that very Nimrod whom Scripture calls a God-fighter. Nimrod was a hunter. A mighty hunter before the Lord. But what does "hunter" mean? In English hunt is the chase. In Bashkir hunar is hunting, and hunarşı is a hunter. The roots hunt and hunar are of one nest. A hunter is one who tracks, follows the trail, does not sit still. Nimrod was not simply a beast-taker. He was one who challenged God. Israel is also a God-fighter. His name literally means "he who struggles with God". In our row these are those who do not accept the sky as a given, but argue with it, seek it, pursue it.

But let us discard the stretched explanation that the name Nimrod comes from the Semitic "marad" — to rebel. This is making an elephant out of a fly. A closer variant is from Bashkir nimärä — a great-grandson. Thus this is not a personal name, but a common noun: the great-grandson. The great-grandson of Noah. We see such things in history. The grandson of Tamerlane bore the name Ulug (Uluk), where uluk is a grandson. Note that Russian vnuk and Turkic uluk share an origin. The alternation l > n is common in languages, as in the third-person pronoun "on" and "ol" (ul).

So Nimrod, the great-grandson of Noah, was a hunter. In English hunt is the chase; in Bashkir hunar is hunting. But his hunt was not for beasts, but for meaning. He challenged a world that had frozen. And a frozen world is God. Because God, as we already know, is ice. Boź, boh. An ice crystal. Nimrod fought against ice. Or against the people — il, el — who had stiffened, turned to ice. A God-fighter is not one who hates the sky. It is one who does not let life freeze.

Now Babylon. We are told: Babylon is the gate of God. But listen: Babylon, Babilon. English baby — a child. Babylon is the city-childhood. The city in which mankind was a child. In Bashkir babay is a grandfather, an ancestor. Babylon is the city of the ancestors, the city of the beginning. And it stood not in hot Mesopotamia. The true Mesopotamia for each people is its own. Ours is between Idel and Yaik. Between the Itil and the Ural. Between two great waters. Ike bit — two sides, two faces, two banks. Here stood the true Babylon. In the Ural, between two rivers, between two worlds.

And here we must see something more than a hunter. Nimrod is a God-fighter. And in this he is kin to Ural. Ural is also a God-fighter: he argues with Shulgan, with chaos, with poison, with death itself. Only Nimrod is an outer God-fighter. He challenges the frozen world, the ice, the people that has

become ice. Ural is an inner God-fighter. He fights with his brother, with his shadow, with his second half. It is one and the same axis, but in different planes. Nimrod is Ural who has not yet met Shulgan. Ural is Nimrod who has already met and overcome chaos within himself.

And now Ibrahim. He, too, is a God-fighter, but in his own way. He does not break ice, does not fight chaos. He leaves the idols. He does not destroy, but builds. He is a father, not a warrior. But this does not mean he is opposed to Ural. It means he is Ural who has become a father. Nimrod is Ural the hunter, Ural the youth, who breaks the ice. Ibrahim is Ural the father, who tends the garden. And at the same time Ibrahim is Başqort. And Başqort is Ural. No contradiction. A spiral.

Water relates Poseidon and Shulgan. But water is not enmity. It is an element to be tamed. The Teucrians — the inhabitants of the city built by Poseidon — are the Bashkirs who came out of the water and became a people. Ibrahim equals Başqort, because he tamed his water, passed through Shulgan and came out to the light. Thus the ladder is built: Nimrod — Ural — Ibrahim. One axis, three turns. And in each — Başqort.

Now the final chord. The father of Attila, a descendant of Nimrod, led his line not from some Asiatic steppes, but from the very beginning. The Huns marching on Rome carried in themselves the memory of Babylon-childhood, of Nimrod the hunter, of the God-fighter Israel. They were not savages. They were heirs of the first city, the first hunter, the first dispute with the sky.

And Attila, stopping before Rome, recognised not just a cross. He recognised in Rome that same Babylon — the city-child, the city-gate, the city that also remembers its childhood, but fears to admit it. That is why he left. Because he would not destroy what was his own reflection. The light he carried was already burning at the other end of the world. And if both ends of the rope hold one and the same fire, then the rope is whole. The net is not torn.

Chapter 41. The Cult of Ancestors

No religion began with a theologian. It began with memory. With the desire to hold on to those who had departed, to keep them from vanishing without trace. This is the cult of ancestors — the first, the most ancient and the most enduring of all cults. It did not disappear. It dressed itself in new garments: in Islam, in Christianity, in Buddhism. But beneath every garment lies the same thing — the wish to belong to a circle greater than one life.

We already know: al is the beginning, the source. Alla is all, the whole. In Swedish alla is all, in English all is the whole. The ancestors are that very al. Those who were before us, those who remain with us. The cult of ancestors is the worship of everything that was and that continues in us. It is not fear of the dead, but the recognition that we are not alone, that we are a link in a chain, and that chain stretches from the Ural.

In Islam there is the word haram — forbidden. But the forbidden and the sacred are one and the same. The forbidden is that which belongs to the ancestors and must not be desecrated. Haram is not simply “do not”. It is “do not touch, this is ours”. Thus pork, which three religions do not eat, may have been forbidden because it was sacred. The boar was the animal of Freyr, the northern solar god. The ban on pork is a ban on a foreign god who became one’s own, or on one’s own who became foreign. The memory of the ancestors turned into a taboo, but the essence remained.

The Huns were sun-worshippers. Their name comes from German Sonne with the Turkic shift s > h: hunnı, hunnu, Huns. Their god is the light that is born every morning in the east. We have already examined the surah Al-Fatiha: if the shadda is removed, the words sound not “Thee we worship”, but “To the sun we pray”. This is not heresy, but memory. The ancestors prayed to the dawn, because the dawn was for them the image of return. Thus the cult of ancestors became the cult of light.

Täñre — from tañ, the dawn. Täre — a cross. One word, one phenomenon: light spreading to the four sides. Ibn Fadlan saw body crosses on the Bashkirs and took them for phalluses. He was mistaken and not mistaken at the same time. The cross and the phallus are one: the axis on which life stands. The ancestors worshipped that axis, placed it at the centre of the circle, led round dances around it. This is qor — a circle, a kin, a gathering. The cult of ancestors is a round dance around the axis.

Ibrahim is the father of nations. We have already seen: batır is a hero, pater is a father, father is a father. All of this is one root. Ibrahim is that very batyr, father, Başqort. He is not simply a man. He is an archetype: the one who leaves the idols to become the father of all. His name, his fate, his descendants — this is the cult of ancestors unfolded into history. He is the father of every — of each one. Because every one who hears the call of blood is his descendant.

But where does fatherhood come from? From orphanhood. We have already said: an orphan is yetem, from the root yetə — sufficiency. An orphan is the self-sufficient one. The one who has no earthly father, because his father is the sky. Iblis is the same root: iple — skilful, learned. Iblis is an orphan who became a master, but was demonised. Vladimir the Red Sun is the son of a housekeeper. William the Conqueror is a bastard. All of them are forefathers. All of them are from ancestors who were not named. The cult of ancestors is also the cult of the orphan who himself becomes an ancestor.

The feminine principle in this cult is Homay, Umay. Daughter of the Sun, mother. Her time is Yäy, summer. We have already seen: Leto is the mother goddess, and her son is Yäyek, Yaik, the river Ural. The mother gives birth to the river, the river gives birth to life. All of this is one circle: mother, summer,

water, children. The cult of ancestors is the worship of the mother who gives birth to the father, and of the father who becomes a river.

The north is the homeland of that cult. In Turkish kuzey is the north. In Bashkir köźäy is a clan, quźay is God. North and God are one word. The Normans are the northern people. The Hyperboreans are those who live beyond the north wind. From there, from the North, from the Ural, all these detachments, all these gods, all these ancestors came out.

But why the cave? Because din is religion, and den is a cave. The ancestors gathered in caves, breathed the common air, the common scent. Scent — yeś, memory — iś, alloy — yeź. All of this is one. The ancestors are the scent we remember. The ankh, which we have examined, is a bundle of wormwood, ärem, the scent of the homeland. The pharaohs sniffed the ankh so as not to forget where they came from. From wormwood. From the Ural. The cult of ancestors is the cult of scent. The scent of the homeland.

Nardugan is the northern nativity. Nar is the north, dugan is born. Born of the North. This is Christmas. The holiday in which light returns out of darkness. Around the fir tree, the sacred tree, a round dance was led. The round dance is qor, a circle in which ancestors and descendants breathe in rhythm. Deer gather in a circle, as we have found — it is the same instinct. All living things remember: the circle is salvation. The cult of ancestors is that very circle.

And finally, the scroll. The Ural is a twisted axis, but also a scroll. Uraw — to roll. Tora — to stand. In Hebrew the Torah is the law. In Bashkir tora stands, but also erection, life. A scroll rolled in the hand is a lingam, an axis, a rope. The ancestors wrote the law on that scroll. The Ural is the scroll that we are still unrolling. And every time we say başqort, we say “the beginning of the scroll”, “the beginning of the law”, “the beginning of everything”.

Thus the cult of ancestors reveals itself as a single faith: sun, ice, cave, scent, mother, father, river, scroll. All these images are not different gods, but facets of one. All of them are about the fact that we are not alone. That the ancestors are alive while we remember their words. And while we speak the Bashkir language, we hold that scroll in our hands.

The ancestors are us. We are the ancestors. And the circle is not broken.

Chapter 42. Zarathustra of Arakul

There are names that we are used to pronouncing as foreign, without suspecting that they sound in our own tongue. Zarathustra. The ancient Greek and Avestan name of a prophet spoken of in the East and the West, but almost never in the Ural. And yet the Ural is his homeland. And this is proven not only by geography, but by language.

Let us begin with the name. Official scholarship offers several etymologies, but all of them are either vague or artificial. The Bashkir language, however,

opens the meaning at once. Yaratıw — to love, to create, to make. Yaratıştırıw — to join by love, to match, to create a union. With the alternation z > y, characteristic of the Bashkir language, Zarathustra becomes Yaratıştra. Before us is not a personal name, but a function: the Creator of Love, the Joiner, the Matchmaker. The one who brings together sky and earth, light and darkness, man and woman, people and God.

And here a remarkable coincidence emerges — or rather, not a coincidence, but a trace. On Lake Arakul there is an island of Love. In Bashkir, "island" is utraw, and "love" is mökhäbbät or yaratıw. The island of Love is Yaratıw utrawı. But if we recall that Zarathustra is Yaratıştra, then we get: the island of Zarathustra. The island of the prophet himself. The one who preached love. And this is not poetic metaphor, but a toponym preserved to our days.

Now the place. The Arakul Shikhans are rocky ridges in the north of the Chelyabinsk region, by Lake Arakul. That place preserves traces of an ancient civilisation: on the tops of the rocks stone bowls are carved, whose purpose archaeologists cannot explain. But we can. The Avesta speaks of the sacred mountain Hara, whose highest peak was Hukairya. That mountain is the centre of the universe, the abode of the god Mithra, a place where there is no darkness, no sickness, no bad weather. At the foot of Hukairya springs the source Ardvi, and there grows the world tree Haoma, from which the sacred intoxicating drink was prepared.

Hara is Arakul. Phonetically they are one and the same: a prothetic sound, a light metathesis. The stone bowls on the Shikhans are vessels for Haoma. But what is Haoma? We have already said in one of the previous chapters: in the Rigveda there is a line — "We have drunk soma and become immortal." Soma, Haoma is not a plant, not a mushroom, but a drink pressed from something milky. Hawım in Bashkir is milking, yield. Hawma — that which has been milked, pressed out. Haoma is koumiss. The most ancient drink of the steppe peoples, made from mare's milk. That is why there are so many stone bowls on Arakul: koumiss fermented in them, the sacred drink that gave prophets and warriors strength and light.

And here we again see the connection with the sun. We have already examined how the Huns were sun-worshippers, how their name comes from German Sonne — sun, with the shift s > h. Hunnı, hunnu, Huns — people of the sun. And in this same row stands the name Homay — daughter of the Sun, mother, the archetype of the mother goddess. And her time is Yäy, summer. And her son is Yäyek, Yaik, the river Ural. All of this is one net: sun, mother, summer, river, koumiss, love. And all of it meets at Arakul.

We do not know for certain how Zarathustra's voice sounded. The Avesta was written down centuries after his death, restored from memory, edited by Persian-speaking priests. But the name that remained in it is a Bashkir word. If we accept that the prophet preached in the Ural, then he spoke the

language that today we call Bashkir. His preaching of love, his teaching about light, about the struggle between good and evil, about the final restoration of the world — all of this grew from the same soil as the epic "Ural-batyr".

And here one more thread opens, which connects Zarathustra with the prophet Muhammad. We know that mökhäbbät in Bashkir is love. And the name Mökhämmät (Muhammad) sounds almost the same. This is not a chance consonance, but one root. Love and the prophet who brings love are one and the same. We see the same in the name of Zarathustra: Yaratıştra, from yaratıw — to love, to create. Two prophets, two epochs, two religions, but one root: love as the creative force.

Let us recall a third example: Jesus, whose name we read as Icy Cristal, an ice crystal born of the North. His preaching is also love. So three great prophets — Zarathustra, Jesus, Muhammad — speak one language, and that language is Bashkir. Not in the sense of ethnic belonging, but in the sense of the root preserved in the words yaratıw and mökhäbbät. Love that rules the world, and the word that carries that love — that is what unites their names.

Thus Zarathustra, who preached love, and Muhammad, whose name is love, turn out to be not different figures, but different rays of one Uralic sun. And if we want to understand where that teaching came from, we must look not to the Middle East, but to the Ural, to Arakul, to the island of Love, where the Bashkir word still sounds.

Official scholarship seeks the homeland of Zarathustra in Central Asia, in Iran, in Bactria. But toponyms, etymology and language itself point to the Ural. The Arakul Shikhans, the island of Love, Lake Arakul, stone bowls, koumiss — all of this is not simply coincidence. These are traces. Traces of a man who taught love and was himself named Love.

Zarathustra is Yaratıştra. The one who joined. And while the island of Love stands on Arakul, we remember his name. Even if we do not speak it aloud.

Chapter 43. The Ankh: Wormwood That Smells of Home

There are symbols we see so often that we stop asking questions. One of them is the ankh. The Egyptian cross with a loop, the sign of life, held in the hands of gods and pharaohs. We are used to it as an emblem of immortality, but almost no one asks: why, on the frescoes, does the pharaoh not simply hold the ankh, but seem to sniff at it?

In the Bashkir language there is the verb añqıw — to give off a smell, to smell. Añq is that very scent that spreads, fills the space. The Egyptian ankh and the Bashkir añq share one root. This is not simply a little sign, not simply a cross. It is a bundle in which something smells. The pharaoh sniffs because the ankh is not an abstract symbol, but an object. A carrier of scent. A source of memory.

What does the ankh smell of? Wormwood. Ärem in Bashkir is wormwood. Bitter, tart, dry. That very plant that grows on the stony slopes of the Ural. We have already spoken of wormwood as the smell of the homeland. There is an old parable: warriors who had gone on a distant campaign conquered foreign lands, but one day they breathed in the smell of wormwood — and their hearts tightened. It was the smell of the steppe. The smell of the Ural. The smell of home.

The pharaohs, whom we consider a southern people, in fact carried a northern memory within them. The ankh with wormwood was their talisman against forgetting. Uralic wormwood does not grow in hot Egypt, but its scent was kept in little bundles, in amulets, in those very ankhs. This was the cult of ancestors of which we have spoken: scent as a bond with those who remained far away.

Now let us take the root itself apart. Yeś — a smell. Iś — memory. Eź — a trace. All of this is one nest. Smell is the trace left by a substance in the air. Memory is the trace left by the past in consciousness. Smell and memory are inseparable. And the ankh is the knot in which they meet.

Let us recall what we said about the cave. Din is religion, den is a cave. A cave smells. It is close, warm, bodies breathe, fire smoulders. The common smell bound people together, made them one being. That smell was the first "we". The ankh is a portable cave. A small bundle of scent that a person carried with him in order to remain always inside his circle.

Now about the pharaohs and the northern peoples. We have already mentioned the Hyksos, whom we derived from Bashkir uqsı — shooters, archers. Egypt was more than once conquered by people from the north, and they brought their symbols with them. The ankh is one of them. Its form — a cross with a loop — repeats the equilateral cross of which we have spoken, only with a ring above. It is both täre, the solar sign, and a loop that binds. It is a knot that holds life.

And here is what matters. Wormwood — ärem — is not simply a herb. It is also a medicine. A bitterness that heals. In ancient times wormwood was burned to cleanse dwellings, it was used to heal wounds, it was placed under the pillow. It was a herb that purifies. The ankh with wormwood is not only memory, but protection. A talisman that drives away evil spirits, sickness, forgetting.

Thus the ankh opens as a Bashkir symbol. Not Egyptian, but Uralic. Carried south by those who did not want to forget their homeland. And the pharaoh sniffing at the bundle is not a ritual, but a gesture of longing. The gesture of a man who remembers where he came from.

Now we can link this with our North. In Turkish kuzey is the north. In Bashkir köźäy is a clan, quźay is God. North and God are one word. Ankh, wormwood,

north, God — all of this is one net. The pharaoh sniffing the ankh is in fact looking north. Toward the Ural. Toward the ancestors.

And when we see the ankh in a museum, we must remember: this is not simply Egyptian antiquity. It is our smell. Our wormwood. Our memory. The little bundle tied by our ancestors so that we would not forget who we are.

Chapter 44. Mayqy: The Archangel of the Ural

There are names that seem to belong to different worlds until we begin to listen to their sound. Michael is the archangel, the leader of the heavenly host, the protector of warriors, the stern defender. And Mayqy bey is the legendary chief of the Bashkir Tabyns, those very people who served as an irregular force, the steppe gendarmerie — or, in modern terms, the National Guard. Michael and Mayqy. Two names, two images, but one root.

We have already said that in ancient times military valour was inseparable from the word. A chief had to know how to speak, because his voice gathered the detachment no worse than a trumpet. Mayqy bey is that very archangel Michael, only not in heaven, but on earth. The one who stands at the head of the host, who keeps the order, who guards the borders. His name did not dissolve in the centuries — it remained in Bashkir memory, and it also sounds in the church "Michael", in the English "Michael", in the Latin "Michael". One name, one archetype: the leader of the holy host.

The Tabyns, led by Mayqy bey, were not simply a tribe. They were a military corporation built into Bashkir statehood. We have already examined how the ancient Bashkir clans — yryw — were not blood kin but services, functions, detachments. One yryw held the cavalry, another the blacksmiths, a third the gendarmerie. The Tabyns performed a role comparable to the Turkish sipahis: an armed guard maintaining order on the frontiers and within. Mayqy bey is their commander, their archistrategos. In the Russian tradition, the Archangel Michael was venerated as the patron of the Cossacks. Here we see the same bond: a military corporation guarding the borders, and the heavenly chief standing above it.

Now take the name of Gabriel. A messenger, an envoy, the one who brings the word. Official etymology derives it from ancient Hebrew "the strength of God". But in the Bashkir language there is the word gäp — conversation, talk. In English gab — to chatter, to wag the tongue. Gabriel is that very gäp. The one who speaks. The messenger whose weapon is the word. And here he meets Genghis Khan, of whom we have spoken. We derived the title Genghis from English chin gist — speaking the essence. Gabriel and Genghis are of one field: both carry the word, both speak on behalf of a power greater than themselves. The herald and the khan, the angel and the commander — these are all roles of one and the same archetype: the one who pronounces the will of the light.

And here we come to the main point. For a long time we have been told about Tengrism — the religion of the nomads who worshipped the god Tengri. But we have already seen: täñre is not a god, but the sky itself, the dawn, tañ. And if the nasal sound is removed, we get täre — the cross. Tengrism is the veneration of the cross. In other words, Christianity. What people try to present as a separate religion is in fact faith in light, in the cross, in the morning. Ibn Fadlan, meeting the Bashkirs, saw small body crosses on them and took them for phallic amulets. He erred, but his error is understandable: the cross and the phallus do intersect. Both are about the axis, about standing, about life. But the cross is primary — the solar sign spread to the four sides.

This is the very point that both sides refuse to accept. The eastern peoples do not want to admit that religion came to them from the east, from Turkic-speaking ancestors. The western peoples do not want to admit that Christianity was born not in Palestine, but in the Ural. And still less does anyone want to admit that the ancestors of modern Muslims were the founders of that very faith which was later called Christianity. The Abrahamic religions are not three different rivers, but one stream divided into branches.

Nardugan. We have already examined it: nar is the north, dugan is born. Born of the North. This is Christmas. Not simply a coincidence of semantics, but a direct kinship of rite. The holiday of the winter solstice, when light returns out of darkness, when the ice crystal — Jesus — is born. We read his name as Icy Cristal, an ice crystal. A northern Nativity, a northern cross, a northern faith. All of this is the Ural.

Thus Mayqy and Michael, Gabriel and Genghis, täñre and täre, Nardugan and Christmas — all of this is not a set of different stories, but one story. One code, one circle, one net. And the further we go, the clearer it becomes: the Ural is not a periphery, but the heart. Not a cradle, but the axis. And while we remember these names, we hold in our hands the scroll that our ancestors began to read.

Chapter 45. Valhalla in the Sands: The Hunnic Paradise

There are images that do not die, but only change their garments. Valhalla is the hall of Odin, where fallen warriors go. There they feast, drink mead and ale, and the valkyries serve them. The Islamic paradise — Jannah, where the faithful are awaited by houris, rivers of wine and eternal bliss. At first glance, two different worlds. But if one looks closer, it is one and the same hall, only in different settings. And it is built according to one blueprint — the Hunnic one.

The Huns, as we have already said, were sun-worshippers. Their name comes from the Germanic Sonne with the Turkic shift s > h: hunnı, hunnu, Huns. People of light, warriors for whom death in battle was not an end, but a passage. They carried that idea from the Ural to the west and to the south. In

Scandinavia it grew into Valhalla. In Arabia it grew into Jannah. Two paradises, two peoples, one matrix.

Listen to the structure of both worlds. In Valhalla the fallen warriors fight every day, and in the evening they sit at the table. They are served mead by the valkyries — the maidens of battle, who choose who is to die and who is to live. In the Islamic paradise — the houris, dark-eyed maidens created for delight. They also serve, but they bring not mead, but wine. In both cases, paradise is a male space. There is no place for a woman there; she is only a reward, a servant, an ornament.

Islam is a thoroughly materialistic culture. It looks first of all at material well-being, at the embodiment of things, even when it speaks of paradise, of life after death, of existence in “the other world”. Calls to asceticism, to modesty in everyday life, are also material. I am not speaking now of morality, of ethics, of spirituality — all of that is also a material side. I am speaking of that very soul upon which Christianity places such weight. In Islam there is no place for that soul. Islam speaks very little of the soul and is not inclined to idealisation.

Hence the materiality of paradise. Islam does not speak of a bodiless soul, of vague spheres. It speaks of the body. Of food, of drink, of the pleasures of the bed. The Muslim paradise is a place where the body continues to live, but without suffering. In exactly the same way Valhalla is feasting, fighting, wounds that heal by morning. No spirituality in our, Christian, sense. Only flesh, blood and thirst.

We have already seen: where there is no body, wine is not needed. Houris are not needed by a bodiless soul. If rivers of wine flow in paradise, then the inhabitants of paradise have mouths. If there are houris, then there is flesh, and even a member. Otherwise there would be no need for houris in such numbers. Islam is honest in this: the resurrection will be bodily. Valhalla is honest in the same way: the warrior rises with a spear in his hand and a scar on his chest. This is one and the same realism, born in an environment where the body was man's only possession.

Now about language. In what language is it spoken in paradise? If paradise is bodily, then language too must be bodily. Thoughts cannot be passed on without words. Even telepathy requires images, and images are words. How would one convey without words the command “do not steal”? Show a film and shake one's head? But what head? There will be no head, we are told. There will be a substance — the soul. No one has seen the soul, and no one can say anything definite about it. But they will talk about the soul a great deal. In truth, there are enough headless people in this world, and soulless ones too. Reflections on the language of the dead are absurd. The real question is the bond between the living and the dead.

And that bond is broken when the alphabet is changed. Arabic script was replaced by Latin, then by Cyrillic — and at once the bond with the ancestors was lost. Even the mentality changed. A people that loses its writing loses its dead. And a people that loses its dead loses itself.

Now the direction of prayer. The first Muslims prayed facing north. Toward where the ancestors live. Toward where the Huns came from. It was a prayer in the direction of the Ural. Later the direction was changed — toward Mecca, to the south. And with that turn something cracked. The bond with the root grew thin. We have already spoken of this: is it not because we live so crookedly that we have turned our backs on those who gave us our beginning?

The north — kuzey, köźäy, quźay. It is God, and a clan, and a direction of the world. Valhalla stands in the north. Jannah was promised to those who prayed to the north, but turned to the south. In that break lies the whole tragedy. Paradise remained Hunnic, but prayer ceased to be Uralic.

And yet the thread is not torn. We find it in words. Valkyrie is a maiden of battle, but in her name one hears will and kir — land. Houri — from the Arabic “hur”, white, light, but in Bashkir there is homay — the daughter of the Sun, the mother. The valkyries and the houris are the shadows of Homay, scattered across different paradises. The feminine principle reduced to a servant, but not deprived of its divine root.

Thus Valhalla and Jannah turn out to be two faces of one paradise. The Hunnic paradise. The paradise of warriors for whom death is a passage, and the reward is a feast and a battle.

And here lies the deepest layer. Religion in its essence is myth. Not in the sense of a lie, but in the sense of the Bashkir word miśal — an example, a model. The heroes of myths stand before us as models for imitation. In religion that model is the prophet, the messenger of God. Islam illustrates this vividly: the model is the Prophet Muhammad. And the model of the Hunnic world was the warrior who died in battle and entered the feast. The Quran and the Edda describe the same feast in different languages.

Thus Valhalla and Jannah are not rivals. They are two dialects of one and the same faith. A faith that was carried out of the Ural by warriors who knew that the body matters, that the word matters, and that the dead remain with us as long as we remember their language. While we remember that both these paradises grew out of the Ural, we hold in our hands that very rope which binds north and south, the living and the dead, the ancestors and the descendants.

The circle is not broken. It has simply become wider.

Chapter 46. Allah on the Clothes of the Vikings

In the summer of 2015, news spread around the world that many would have preferred not to notice. Swedish archaeologists led by Annika Larsson of Uppsala University re-examined silk fabrics found in Viking burial ships back in the mid-twentieth century. For decades these patterns had been considered ordinary ornament — until Larsson looked more closely.

What had been taken for decorative scrollwork turned out to be Kufic script — the oldest form of Arabic calligraphy, created at the end of the eighth century and used in the copying of the Quran. Woven into the burial clothes of the Vikings was the name of Allah. And not only Allah — beside it stood the name of Ali ibn Abi Talib, the son-in-law and companion of the Prophet Muhammad, whom the Shia honour as the only rightful heir.

This was not simply decoration. This was faith stitched into cloth.

Larsson, commenting on the find, noted a striking detail: the word "Alla" was written in mirror form. Exactly as is customary among the Bashkirs and other Turkic Muslims. As if the Vikings wanted to read the prayer from left to right, adapting the Arabic script to the direction of their own writing.

But the answer is deeper. We have already spoken of the ta marbuta — the silent letter at the end of Arabic words, written like "h" but not pronounced. Mecca is not "Mekkah", Medina is not "Medinah", Alla is not "Allah". The Bashkirs always said alla, allama, allaqayım. And they wrote this word with an "h" at the end — a sign of presence, not a sound. When a Viking embroidered this word on burial silk, he reproduced not the Arabic form, but the one familiar to his Hunnic ancestors before Islam. The mirroring is not an attempt to read from left to right. It is the memory of a writing in which the final "h" was not a letter, but a symbol.

Now let us move east, to the Tsardom of Muscovy. The helmet of Ivan the Terrible, kept in the Royal Armoury of Stockholm, is decorated with Arabic script. According to the Iranian consul Seyed Gholamreza Meyguni, the inscription translates as "Allah Muhammad". That very Ivan the Terrible, who belonged to the Rurikid dynasty — people, as we remember, who came from the Ural.

In the Kremlin Armoury are kept the so-called "caps of Jericho" — ceremonial helmets of the Russian tsars. One of them, made by the master Nikita Davydov in 1621 for Tsar Mikhail Fyodorovich Romanov, bears the thirteenth verse of the sixty-first surah of the Quran: "Give glad tidings to the faithful of help from Allah and swift victory." Later the helmet was supplemented with Christian symbols — the image of the Archistrategos Michael. But the base remained.

The helmet of Alexander Nevsky is from the same row. A dome, red iron, gold inlay, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls. And among all this splendour — Arabic script. On the helmet of an Orthodox prince, canonised as a saint.

What is this? Coincidence? Trophy? Or memory?

Look at the domes of Russian churches. The onion shape does not correspond to European Christian architecture. It repeats the outlines of Middle Eastern domes. And at the base of the cross on many churches rests a crescent — the so-called tsata. Historians argue about its origin, but the fact remains: that symbol has stood on Orthodox churches for centuries, and no one hurries to remove it.

The Vikings were not Muslims in the sense that we put into that word today. They did not make the hajj to Mecca and did not observe Ramadan. But they lived within that same worldview that the Huns — Turkic-Germanic tribes — spread from the Ural to Scandinavia and Arabia. Allah for them was not a foreign god, but that very Alla — All, the One, whom they knew under the names of Odin, Tengri, the All-Father. And the paradise they strove to enter was that same paradise which the Quran promises to the faithful, and the Scandinavian sagas to fallen warriors. Valhalla with valkyries and rivers of wine — and Jannah with houris and rivers of milk and honey. One image, one matrix.

Archaeologist Larsson speaks cautiously, but precisely: "There are opinions that the Vikings took the idea of the joys of the afterlife precisely from the Islamic world." We would correct this: not from the Islamic world, but from that common source which fed both the Islamic world and the Scandinavian one. From the Hunnic root. From the Ural ancestral homeland. From that very Alla which in Bashkir still means "all".

And when we see Arabic script on the helmet of an Orthodox tsar, we should not be surprised. We should remember: the Rurikids came from the Ural. Their ancestors spoke the language that we now call Bashkir. Their God was Boź — Ice, Crystal, Icy Cristal, from which the name of Christ grew. And their warriors wore the name of Allah on their clothes — not because they had adopted a foreign faith, but because that faith was their own.

What today seems incompatible — the cross and the crescent, the Bible and the Quran, church and mosque — was once a single whole. And the traces of that unity are still kept in museum cases, in the ornaments of old helmets, in the mirror-written word "Alla" on the burial silk of a Viking.

And one more detail. In the Turkic runes there is a sign resembling the Latin "h", which conveys the sound "t". Graphics and phonetics in ancient writing systems lived their own life. What is read today as "t" yesterday could be "h", and vice versa. Therefore "Alla" and "Allah", "täre" and "cross", rune and letter — these are not different worlds, but one design, which the ancestors drew on stone, silk and steel.

Thus the find on the clothes of the Vikings becomes not simply an archaeological sensation, but proof: the world was one, while we remembered our beginning. And that beginning is the Ural.

Chapter 47. The Woolly Stars

In the Bashkir language a star is yondoź. The word seems simple until one listens to its dialectal sound. In the eastern dialects people still say yondoh. And here opens that which academic linguistics has preferred not to notice. Yöndö — woolly, hairy, fluffy. A star is not a red-hot ball of gas, not a distant sun. A star is a little bit of fluff. A woolly one.

See how this changes the picture of the world. We are accustomed to cold astronomy, to luminaries, to infinite distances. But the Bashkir language speaks otherwise: the sky is yarn. The stars are knots, little wool fibres caught on a black blanket. The whole sky is one great yön, one woollen cloth woven by the ancestors. And we are beneath that blanket, like children beneath a cover.

We have already taken apart this root. Yön — wool. Yän — soul. Yönlö — soft, tender, that same gentleman. Iläw — to spin. Erläw — to spin, from which English earl — a man of high rank. And whorl — a curl, a spindle, a vortex. And Ural — twisted, spun. All of this is one thread.

The sky, in Bashkir, is not an abyss. It is cloth. The stars upon it are not accidental points, but wool fibres that remain on the cloth when thread is spun. Every star is a piece of yön, every thread is a fate. And we are all woven into that cloth, whether we want it or not.

Now recall what we said about Nardugan. The northern nativity. Nar — the north, dugan — born. Born of the North. Jesus — Icy Cristal, an ice crystal. A snowflake. And snow in Bashkir is qar. From it qart — an old man, grey-haired. Snow and old age, ice and wisdom — one.

And here the woolly stars meet the snow. A snowflake is also a bit of wool. Only not of wool, but of ice. An icy bit of fluff born of the sky. In winter the sky pours snow, as a spinster pours combed fibre. Snowflakes are those same stars, only fallen to the earth. And if a star is yondoź, a heavenly woolly one, then a snowflake is qar, an earthly woolly one.

Thus one more circle closes. Wool, snow, stars, soul. All of this is fluff, all of this is tenderness, all of this is yön. And the man who looks at the night sky in fact looks at himself. Because his soul — yän — is also a bit of fluff caught on the cloth of the world. And while that bit of fluff holds, the world does not come apart.

That is why we say that the Bashkir language is not simply a language. It is a way of seeing. Not astronomy, but kinship. Not cosmos, but a blanket. Not

infinity, but cloth woven from wool and snow. The woolly stars look down at us from on high, and we look up at them. And in that gaze is all our history.

Chapter 48. Khalyq and Copper

There are words that we utter every day without suspecting that a whole metallurgy is hidden within them. One such word is khalyq. A people. In the Bashkir language this word has always meant not simply a crowd, but a multitude gathered into one, risen like dough in a kneading trough. But in order to understand it to the end, one must go down to the fire and watch how copper melts.

Let us begin with the Bashkir root qalq. Qalqıw — to rise, to lift oneself, to float up. It is the movement we have already met: kör — swollen, well-fed, important. Körkä — puffed up, a turkey. All of this is about how something rises, swells, becomes visible. A people — khalyq — is precisely qalqıw. A multitude that has risen, come up, like leaven, like a wave, like foam.

And now — copper. Latin cuprum, from which all the European "cuprum", "copper", "cuprite" came, goes back to Bashkir küperek — foam. Küp — much, küperek — that which is made of the many, foam, beaten, bubbling. Copper, when melted, bubbles, foams, rises — qalqıw. A people is that same copper. A crowd that boils, swells, gathers into an alloy.

Greek chalkos (χαλκός) — copper. Listen: chalkos and khalyq. One and the same word. The Greeks took it for metal, the Bashkirs for the people. Why? Because both are about a mass that has risen. Copper from ore, a people from clans. An alloy, a smelting, a rising of the mass.

Now look at English hulk. A huge, clumsy giant. The one who towers above the crowd. The same root: qalq, kör, körkä. Hulk is not simply a big man. He is a man-copper, a man-foam, a man-people. One of many, but risen higher than the rest. And at the same time — the mass itself, become a body.

We have already spoken of the alternation h > q, h > q. Bashkir qatın and dialectal hatın, quźay and khoday. The same here: qalqıw — khalyq — chalkos. One root, one movement — upward, outward, into multitude.

And now we can say: khalyq is not simply a people. It is metal. It is copper that boils and foams. It is a mass ready to rise. He who understands this understands both the nature of uprisings and the nature of empires. A people, like copper, gathers in the earth until a blacksmith is found who will pour it into a mould.

The Ural has always been a land of copper. Here, in these mountains, metal came out of ore, weapons out of metal, detachments out of weapons, and out of detachments — khalyq. All of this is one chain: ore, copper, foam, crowd, people. And the language preserves it to this day.

That is why we say that the Bashkir language is not simply a means of communication. It is a smelting furnace in which meanings pass from one state into another. And if we want to understand what a people is, we must ask copper. And if we want to understand what copper is, we must ask the Bashkir language. It will answer with one word: khalyq.

Chapter 49. Aqua and Hyw: The Water That Flows from the Ural

Water was the first thing man had to divide into the living and the dead. Not all water is fit for drinking. One kind flows, breathes, carries life. The other stands, rots, poisons. That distinction is older than all religions, and the Bashkir language has preserved it in its very root.

In Bashkir, water is hyw. But this word did not at once mean water in general. It emerged from yw — poison, venom, sour, stagnant. In the epic Ural-batyr the hero warns: do not drink standing water. Death is in it. Hyw is water that has stopped, lost its current, become poison. Only that which moves was considered fit for drinking.

Clean, flowing water is aq hyw. Literally, white water. But aq here is not only a colour. It also means "clean" and "flowing". The root ağ — to flow, to stream. Ağa — it flows. Ağidel — a flowing river. All of this is about water that does not stagnate, that cleanses itself by movement.

And from this Uralic root came a word now known to the whole world. Old Germanic akhwo — flowing water. It is exactly aq hyw, fused into a single word. From it was born Latin aqua — water. In modern languages: aqua, aquarium, aqueduct. All of this is Bashkir water, spread across the world and forgotten its origin.

Someone will say: coincidence. But from Bashkir hyw, through the alternation s > h, came the common Turkic su. And from su it is impossible to derive Old Germanic akhwo. Yet from aq hyw it is derived. This means the borrowing went not from south to north, but from the Ural to the west. The Uralic water gave its name to water itself.

Now the Yaik. The river that today is called the Ural. In Bashkir Yäyek — from yäy — summer, warmth, mother, and ıq — a tributary, a clinging. A river clinging to mother-summer. The son of the Ural, become water. And beside it — Idel, the Volga. The root iź — to knead, to mix. A river that mixes into itself hundreds of tributaries, melted snows, rains. It is not "big water", as we were taught, but water-mixture, water-dough, water that kneads and mixes.

Thus the Ural turns out to be the source not only of water, but of the very words about water. Hyw, aq hyw, ağa, ağidel, aqua, Idel, Yaik — all of this is one river flowing from a common root. And if we want to understand where languages came from, we must ask water. And if we want to understand water, we must ask the Bashkir language.

Water flows. And language flows with it. Time flows. And memory flows. All of this is yılğa, a river, from one root with the serpent — yılan — and with the year — yıl. Everything flows, everything winds, everything returns. And the beginning of that flow is the Ural.

Now, when we drink water, we may remember: this is not simply liquid. It is a word. A word that the ancestors spoke at the foot of the Ural, watching a clean stream run over the stones. And that word still sounds in our languages — from Ağidel to aquarium, from Yaik to aqueduct.

The water that flows from the Ural is still with us.

Chapter 50. The Mouse, the Muscle and the Thought

There are connections in language that at first glance seem accidental, but in fact turn out to be precise, like the stroke of a knife. Mouse and muscle. Thought and muscle. Strength and reason. In the Bashkir language all of this comes from one root, and if one traces it, a whole philosophy of body and spirit opens.

Let us begin with Bashkir mös — strength, power. From it moslı — muscular, strong. In Russian this corresponds to moshch (might), myshtsa (muscle). A muscle is the organ of strength. The tissue that contracts, tenses, moves the body. In ancient times strength was not an abstraction, but flesh. The strong man was the one with many muscles, who could lift a stone, draw a bow, strike an enemy.

Now — the mouse. In English mouse, in Latin mus, in Greek μυς (mys). Where does this root come from? We already know: mös — strength. But the mouse is a small creature; what strength is in it? Here is what: in it is the strength of life. The mouse is that which moves, nimbly, tirelessly, penetrating any crack. It is a muscle in miniature. A muscle that has become a little beast. Ancient man saw in the mouse not weakness, but a clot of mobility, a lump of muscle beneath a fluffy skin.

And here appears the third word — thought. Thought is the movement of the mind. The same root as mouse and muscle. Because thought is the muscle of the soul. It tenses, contracts, moves. To think means to move the brain, just as a muscle moves a bone. A mouse runs — a muscle contracts — a thought is born. One action, one root, three worlds.

Now — moss. In Bashkir mük. It is that which covers stone, wood, earth. Soft, fluffy, shaggy. A mouse is also shaggy. Moss and mouse are of one nest: mös — strength, but also mük — wool, nap, covering. Strength and softness are not opposites, but two sides of one. Moss is soft, but it breaks stone. A mouse is small, but it gnaws through walls. A muscle is soft at rest, but hard in tension. All of this is one nature.

From this come kosmy — hair, wool, that which grows, winds, covers. And kosa — braided hair. And kost — bone, the hard base on which the body rests. All of this is one root, scattered in different directions: kös — strength, kost' — support, kosa — weaving, kosmy — covering. And finally, kosmos — order. The world built like a body: with support, with strength, with weaving. Cosmos is the universe in which everything is bound, everything moves, everything thinks.

Now — the Muslim. We are used to translating muslim as "one who submits". But the root mös is strength, and thought is the movement of the mind. A Muslim is not simply one who submits. He is one who thinks. One who has accepted faith not blindly, but with reason. In the word Islam we have already found the root iś — memory. Islam is memory, and a Muslim is one who thinks within that memory. Strength, thought, memory — all of this is one. And all of it is the Bashkir language.

That is why we say that language is not simply a set of words. It is a picture of the world in which mouse, muscle and thought are not divided. Where moss and cosmos share one root. Where a Muslim is not a slave, but a thinker. And all of it came out of the Ural, from that very land where the strength of the body and the strength of the mind were first joined.

When you next see a mouse, remember: it is not simply a rodent. It is a muscle. It is a thought. It is moss. It is cosmos. It is a word that runs, contracts, thinks. And that word is ours.

Chapter 51. The Otter, the Bucket and the Wind: The Root “Iź”

There are roots that do not lie on the surface, but hold a whole world upon themselves. One such root is iź. In the Bashkir language it means “to knead”, “to press”, “to mix”. This is the first thing man does with matter: he presses it, joins it, turns the different into the one. And from that simple action grew not merely vocabulary, but the very logic of creation.

From iź is born iźel — a river. We have already examined this: Idel, Itil, the Volga — this is not “big water”, but mixed water, water that kneads and works everything that enters it. A river is iź in motion. The same logic is in the word iźew — to knead, to work dough. And in the word iźän — a floor, a surface trodden by feet. And in the word iźer — drunk, softened, having lost its form. Everything that loses hardness passes through iź.

Now look at the Russian word zhidkost' — liquid. The root zhid is that same iź, only with voicing and nasalisation. A liquid is that which yields, that which has no form of its own, that which takes the form of its vessel. Water, milk, honey — all of this is iź. And it is no accident that in English water is water, while in Bashkir iźew is to knead. Ancient man did not separate water and dough: both flow, both yield, both mix.

Now — the otter. We are used to seeing in it simply a little beast. But listen: otter, from Greek hydra — a water serpent. And hydra goes back to hydor — water. And hydor is that same root as iź. Water as mixture, as fluidity. The otter is the one who lives in water, who kneads it with her body, who stirs the river with her movements. Her name is water that has become flesh.

And beside it — the bucket. A vessel into which water is drawn. The Old Russian vedro comes from the same root as “water”. But if one digs deeper, one sees Bashkir biźrä — a bucket. And beź — we, a multitude. A bucket is that which gathers into itself a multitude of drops, a multitude of water. It too is bound to iź: it mixes, holds, gives form to that which has no form. A bucket is iź made into an object.

Now — the wind. We have already said: wind, wind, blizzard, twist. All of this is about movement, about circling, about the mixing of air. The wind is the iź of the air. It kneads the clouds, bends the trees, mixes the smells. In Bashkir the wind is yel, and that same word is linked to yılan — a serpent, and yıl — a year. Everything that winds, flows, moves — all of this is iź. The wind is an invisible river that kneads the sky.

And here as well — the blizzard. The winter wind that kneads the snow, beats it like dough. Snow and wind are iź in action. In winter the world becomes dough, and the blizzard kneads it until spring comes.

Now let us return to the root. Iź — to knead. Iś — memory. Yeś — smell. Eź — trace. All of this is one nest. Memory is a trace pressed into the mind. Smell is a trace pressed into the air. A trace is that which remains when the hard has been pressed into the soft. Iź is the way in which the world leaves its imprints upon us. We are all kneaded from clay, into which the traces of the ancestors have been pressed.

And finally — the idea. Ancient Greek idea — image, form, imprint. Official etymology derives it from “to see”. But we already know: iź — to knead, and eź — a trace. An idea is a dent in the consciousness. A trace left by the sky. A view is that which is seen, but a view is also eź, an imprint on the retina. An idea is not an abstraction, but a trace. Clay into which a finger has been pressed.

Thus the root iź binds together the river, liquid, otter, bucket, wind, blizzard, memory, smell, trace and idea. These are not simply words. They are one action — to knead, to mix, to press in. The action with which creation began. And it still continues: rivers knead the earth, the wind kneads the sky, and we knead language, creating new meanings.

The Ural is that very place where iź became a word. Where it was first said: the world is that which yields. And while we speak the Bashkir language, we remember that first lesson. The lesson that everything flows, everything yields, everything mixes. And in that mixing is life.

Chapter 52. Dialect: How We Spoke in Childhood

Ours is an interesting language — Bashkir. Not the one in the textbooks, not the literary one they taught us in school as if it were foreign, with its unfamiliar words and strange pronunciation. But the one that sounded in the yard, in the house, in the talk of the elders. The one we absorbed with our mother's milk.

Take, for example, muyıl. Bird cherry. In our parts they did not know that word. We said şımırt. Exactly so — şımırt. Not şemert, not şomırt. Şımırt. And in that sound there is a whole history that no dictionary can give you.

Or take the word hüh. What does it mean? And hah? Heh? Huh? Höh? Hih? Hıh? These are not interjections, not sighs, not exclamations. They are full words. Simply replace the final aspirated h with the interdental ź or ś, and everything falls into place. But we, in our dialect, did not use the interdental sounds. We replaced them with an exhalation, with an aspiration. Ah instead of "aś" (lower side), öh instead of "öś" (upper side), üh instead of "üź" (self), uh instead of "uś" (evil), ih instead of "iś" (memory), eh instead of "yeś" (smell). And these are all words carrying meaning. A true matrix.

In our parts namıś did not mean "honour" at all. Rather, "revenge". Or "out of spite". Namıślanıp yäşäw is to live to spite others, to provoke, to make them envious. To take revenge for no one knows what. And the word uśal is not simply "evil". It is a cynic. One characterised by shamelessness. Do you feel how meaning shifts? How one and the same word begins to breathe differently in different places?

We used the word vıjdan — "conscience". "Vıjdanhıźźar, äle maldı qaramağandar!" — the elders scolded us if we, carried away by play, forgot to water and feed the cattle in winter. And just try saying that this is not a literary word — no one would understand you. For us it was the most real word of all.

A duck in our speech is öräk. Without the yot. A goose is qah. To teach is örätew, not öyrätew. To drag is hörtätew, not höyrätew. Wheat is boźay, not boyźay. The yot drops out, disappears, and speech becomes shorter, firmer, more archaic.

A younger sister in our speech is härändäş. We simply did not know the word heñle. Härändäş comes from qarın (womb), literally "of one womb". You will not hear qustım among us — only enem, enekäs. And instead of "ulım" we more often say malayım.

Instead of aźaq we say ahır. Häźer shortens to här — "här kiläm" instead of "häźer kiläm". And all of this is a living language that did not ask permission from philologists.

That language is the eastern dialect of Bashkir. It is called the language of the halyot — the Salyut. If the prothetic aspiration h is removed, we get alyot — that same durak or toraq: a camp, a stopping place, törk. Scholars once derived the Salyut clan from the Mongols, but genetics has put an end to that dispute. DNA analysis has shown that the Salyuts belong to haplogroup R1a and are autochthons of the region. With all desire, R1a cannot be tied to the Mongols. And the fantasies of Kuzeev and Yanguzhin, who did not suspect the coming of genealogy, remained fantasies.

The h-ising is characteristic not only of the Salyuts, but also of the Qatays, the Heñräns, the Tärhäks, the Köhöys (Köźäy), the Tabyns, the Qaratabyns. In a word, of all the Bashkirs of the east: the Kunashak, Kasli, Argayash, Sosnovka, Krasnoarmeysk districts of the Chelyabinsk region, the Bashkirs of the Kurgan and part of the Sverdlovsk regions. We say hehteke or behteke, not beźźeke or heźźeke. And we do not use the word äsäy at all — only inäy. Grandmother in our speech is qärtnäy. Uncle is buay, not babay.

A snowman is kört-baqa. Why "baqa" — I cannot say. I do not know. And there is no one left to ask.

And the cursing. Kömöş is not only "silver", but also the female sexual organs. When we call a mandarin "kömöş-alma", it is unclear whether we mean the silver apple or the "starred" apple. The not-to-everyone-clear word am also denotes the vagina. More often it appears in curses: "inäneñ amı" or "am awıź". And if we compare it with the historical Amazons, then am may point to women in general. Like qıź-täkä — a girl-goat, only in reverse. We would say ata-bisä.

That is our language. Not combed, not smoothed to the literary norm. Alive. Breathing. Preserving within itself the traces of how man mastered speech. A true matrix, in which every aspiration, every dropped sound, every shifted meaning is not a mistake, but memory. Memory of where it all began.

Chapter 53. Allah — the Serpent on the Spear

Look closely at how the name of God is written in Arabic script: الله. The alif is a vertical stroke, like the shaft of a spear or an axis. The two lams are smooth curves, like the body of a serpent coiling around that shaft. The ha is a loop, like the head of a serpent closing the ring. These are not simply letters. This is a petroglyph. A serpent coiled around a spear. Or a serpent pierced by a spear.

This image is older than Islam, older than Egypt, older than Sumer. We find it on the caduceus of Hermes — the staff around which two serpents are coiled. On the staff of Asclepius, the god of healing. On the staff of Moses, which, when thrown to the ground, became a serpent. Among the Ophites — the Gnostics who revered the serpent as the bearer of wisdom. And in the

Bashkir language, where yılan means serpent and höñgö means spear, lives the same root as in our theme.

The serpent is the rope, the bond, the life force, the Kundalini coiled at the base. The spear is the axis, the Ural, the phallus, the Torah standing upright. Together they are the fertilised axis, the living staff along which energy rises. The word “Allah”, written in Arabic script, preserves this most ancient symbol. It did not begin as an Arabic word. It was born as the image of the world axis coiled by the serpent of life — that is, as our Ural.

The Arabs, accepting Islam, did not realise that they were writing a petroglyph. But the calligraphers, drawing the ligatures, unconsciously reproduced the primordial pattern. The serpent on the spear — that is God. Not an old man on a cloud. But the life force twisted around the axis. That is Alla — the All, the One that holds the world.

And when a Viking embroidered the name of Allah on silk, he was not sewing a foreign god. He was sewing that same serpent that his Hunnic ancestors knew from the Ural petroglyphs. Because the faith was one. And its symbol — the serpent on the spear — was common.

Now about the sound. We have already mentioned that Arabic script ends this word with a special letter — the ta marbuta, which is written like “h” but is not pronounced. Therefore it is correct to say Alla, not “Allah”. The Bashkirs always said it that way: alla, allama, allaqayım. But after the collapse of the Soviet Union a foreign manner of pronouncing the final “h” poured into the language. That is a mistake that should be abandoned. Our grandfathers knew how the name of God sounds.

The Vikings who embroidered the word on their burial clothes wrote it in mirror form. Archaeologist Annika Larsson suggested that this made it easier to read from left to right. But now we see deeper: the final “h” — that very ta marbuta — when mirrored became a mysterious curl that European scholars for decades took for ornament. It was not ornament. It was the Bashkir “h”, familiar to anyone who speaks the eastern dialect.

The serpent on the spear. Axis and life. Word and sound. All of this came together in one inscription. And when we look at Arabic script, we see not letters, but a trace. The trace of how man first understood: God is not something distant, but the very axis around which life coils. And that axis is the Ural.

Chapter 54. Qaźyq: The Axis of the World

There are words that denote not an object, but the very structure of being. One such word is qaźyq. In Bashkir it means a stake, a rod, a nail. That which is driven into the earth so that everything else may hold. Qaźyq is the support around which the yurt is raised, to which the horse is tied, on which the world stands. And that same axis rises into the sky.

The Pole Star. The unmoving point around which the whole heavenly vault turns. The ancients did not know astronomy, but they knew the main thing: there is a point that does not move. That is the heavenly qaźyq. A stake driven into the very heart of the sky. Everything else moves in circles, but it stands.

In ancient Greek mythology that axis was personified in the figure of the titan Koios. His name is mysterious, but now we know its root: Bashkir qoy — a well. A well is also an axis, only going downward. The link between above and below, between the sky and the underground waters. Koios is precisely qaźyq, the axis passing through the worlds.

Now let us open the Bashkir epic. There is the king of birds, Samrau. He lives on the summit of the world mountain, and around him move the Sun and the Moon. Samrau is that very axis. His name comes from Bashkir sama — measure, balance. The axis is that which gives measure. Without measure everything falls into chaos. Samrau is the one who measures, who holds balance. That very qaźyq driven into the centre.

Samrau has two sides, two wives, two lights. From the Sun is born Homay — the daughter of light, the maternal principle. From the Moon — Ayhılıw — the daughter of night, the lunar beauty. These are not simply characters. They are two halves of one axis: day and night, warmth and cold, above and below. Homay is home, home, mother, light. Ayhılıw is the one who will become Närkäs, the narcissus, the flower of the underworld. The lunar daughter who went down, to the water, to the dead.

Thus the axis splits in two, like everything in our book. Ural and Shulgan. Set and Osiris. Týr and Odin. Homay and Ayhılıw. This is not struggle, but balance. Qaźyq holds because it joins the upper and the lower, not letting them part.

But qoş is not only a bird. In the Bashkir language this word preserves another meaning — a circle. Recall the Cossack koş, koşevoy. Koş is a camp, a circular laager, a community standing in a ring. Samrau, if read in our way, is not the king of the winged, but the king of the circle. The king of all. That very qor we have met more than once.

And that circle is covered by a tent. The round table of King Arthur, about which so many legends are woven, could not stand in a rectangular hall. A circle demands a round house. Tirmä — a yurt. The tent of the nomad, in which every place is equal and everything is turned toward the centre. The knights of the round table are warriors sitting in a yurt, beneath a cupola, where there are no corners and no last seats.

The name Arthur now opens to us. Tür — the place of honour, at the head. İr or er — a man, free, noble, one who possesses will — irek. Arthur is the ir

sitting at the head of the circle. The man who leads. Not a king of a stone castle, but a chief of nomads come out of the Ural.

And now — Närkäs. Daughter of the Moon, water maiden, gone into the underworld. We have already linked her to the narcissus — the flower bowed to the water. Now compare her to Medusa the Gorgon. The name of Medusa in Bashkir reading is qurq — fear, horror. That very horror that petrifies. Qurqıw — to be afraid, to freeze. From this — stupor, narcosis. The gaze of Medusa turns to stone — that is the stopping of life, death. Närkäs and Medusa are sisters. Both from the water. Both carry stupor. One is a lunar beauty, the other is horror, but the root is one: qurq, fear, cold, immobility.

Thus the axis of the world grows a circle around itself. Samrau, Arthur, tirmä, Närkäs, Medusa — all of these are links of one cable. A circle covered by a cupola, an axis passing through the centre, and the fear that petrifies those who have fallen out of the circle. All of it is ours. All of it is the Ural.

Epilogue. The Bond

We began this book with a bitter admission: the truth is not always pleasant. Especially when it concerns ourselves, our ancestors, the language they spoke. We knew that ahead of us there would be no agreement. That academic science would meet these pages with coldness, and those accustomed to simple slogans would simply turn away. And yet we went on.

But now, at the end, I want to speak not of etymology, not of myths, not of roots. I want to speak of the people.

The Bashkir people, who gave their name to a republic in the very centre of the Russian Federation, are not the masters of that republic. They are not the stewards of it. They receive no dividends from it, not even moral ones. We are a people deprived of rights on our own land.

Our national self-consciousness is in confusion before the unreality of what is happening in the country. We cannot even take a stance, cannot gather ourselves, without looking back at the Kremlin. Other peoples press us in our own home, and we gasp for air and retreat. Even when there is nowhere left to retreat. On our own land we are crowded, and there is no corner left in the country built by the efforts of our ancestors where we can breathe freely.

The Bashkir people are losing the inner sense of their right to this land so quickly that the question arises: is there some distortion in our self-consciousness, some defective code in our historical self-knowledge, which prevents us from leaning upon it? Cultural development is of great importance, and if it is built on a lie, then it becomes a form of oppression. A foreign culture is being implanted in the Bashkir people, and from this grows uncertainty in ourselves, in our own strength, and this leads to the absence of purpose.

National self-consciousness is our unconscious. It is an intuitively felt belonging to an ethnos, to its egregore, filled with the energy of hundreds of previous generations. National self-consciousness is the reinforcement of unconscious sensations with information, with knowledge of one's history, of the origins of one's people. That is the support of the inner “I”. And if the history of a people is invented or distorted, its consciousness cannot focus, because in its unconscious and superconscious it finds no confirmation of that history.

And so it has turned out, more than strangely, that according to modern historical scholarship we know the history of our people — the written, recorded history — only from the sixteenth century, from the union with the Kremlin, from Ivan the Terrible, and written down by foreigners. There is nothing about the earlier stages of the Bashkir people's existence, apart from a few scattered records left in history: Kashgari, Fadlan, and others. How did it happen that the Bashkirs appeared out of nowhere and at once gave their name to a whole people and even to a territory? Where is the unbroken chain of development? Yet according to archaeologists, the Ural has been inhabited throughout the entire period of human development, beginning with the Neanderthals, and perhaps even earlier.

And more than that: the Bashkir language has survived and come down to our days. It tells the history of our people better and more truthfully than any historian, especially a historian hired by a government. Oral folk art, too, was preserved until a certain period, until, from school desks onward, we began to be read the tales of foreigners. Oral creation and language are bound together in the closest way. More than that, oral folk art is necessary for self-identification, for self-definition, for the preservation of mentality and culture.

Some nationally minded representatives of the Bashkir people identify themselves ethnically as Turks. But the Turks are still more a linguistic community than an ethnic one. Ethnically, genetically, historically and spiritually, these are different peoples speaking similar languages, but their fates and origins differ. Religious belonging will not tell us a truthful history either; it will lead its own line. Religious figures even teach that after death, in what people call “the other world”, everyone will speak Arabic. For what purpose is this done? The aim may be the desire to cut people off from their roots, from attachment to their ancestors, to their native language. Who will we be without our native language? Renegades? The culture of a people and its native language are inseparable.

In the desire to find the path taken by our ancestors, using the surviving data, examining mythology, religions, legends, and leaning upon the Bashkir language, I undertook this research. To what did I come? What conclusions did I draw?

1. Legendary Troy is our Ural. This must be accepted as a historical fact.

2. The inhabitants of Troy, who called themselves Teucrians, are the Bashkirs. It must be accepted as a given that the name Teucrian comes from the Bashkir “täü kir”, which meets the demands of the ethnonym Bashkir: bash and täü are in some sense synonyms.

3. The Ural was once a centre of attention, a centre of influence (see English hub). Habantuy is precisely from the word hub — a centre of activity.

4. Antaeus of ancient Greek mythology personifies the Bashkir: he too is bound to his land and draws strength from the earth, as the Bashkirs do.

5. The Bashkir language is closely connected with English. These languages are far closer than mere similar phonetics.

6. The names of heroes of Germanic-Scandinavian mythology have a characteristic translation from the Bashkir language.

7. The names of the biblical Adam and Eve come from Bashkir äźäm — “earth”, and hawa — “sky”, “air”.

8. The heroes of ancient Egyptian mythology, the sons of the Sky (Nut) and the Earth (Geb), Osiris and Set, are identical to the Bashkir Shulgan and Ural.

I could continue for a very long time. The matter now is small: the Bashkirs must study and recognise the history of their own people. It is a matter of self-identification. Will the modern Bashkirs be able to accept a different history?

This book is our rope. We have twisted it from words, from roots, from the memory of ice and wool, from the blood of our ancestors. It is not an academic work. It is a call. Not to war, but to remembrance. The Ural is not the edge of the world. It is the axis. And while the Bashkir language sounds, that axis stands.

Now it is up to the reader. Up to each one who has walked with us from the first sound to the last word. The circle is not broken. It is in your hands.

We are the ancestors. We are the descendants. We are the bond.

GLOSSARY

A note on pronunciation

Bashkir words are given in Latin transcription.

ə = the sound in English ago.

Ö = like German ö or French eu.

Ü = like German ü or French u.

I = a back, closed vowel, close to Russian ы.

Q = a deep uvular k, pronounced far back in the throat.

Ğ = a voiced uvular sound, like a soft French r.

H = a light aspiration, like English h.

Ź = a soft z, close to th in this.

Ś = a soft s, close to th in thin.

Alla — all, the whole. A Bashkir word from the root al — beginning, source. Related to Swedish alla, English all, German alles. Not a proper name, but a definition of God as wholeness.

Al — front, beginning, source. The most ancient root from which alla, il, el and the ideas of “front”, “first” are derived.

Añqıw — to give off a smell. The Egyptian ankh and Bashkir añq are cognate. The ankh is not simply a cross, but a bundle of wormwood, a symbol of the memory of one’s homeland.

At — father, horse, foundation; also the verb “to step”, “to shoot”. The root of movement and beginning. From it: atay, ata, atlaw.

Ashina — an ancient Turkic clan associated with iron. The name is comparable to Athena, and the clan itself to the Bashqorts. Ashina — “the chief wolf”, the initial circle.

Başqort — the chief circle, the first detachment, the first dry land. The ethnonym of the Bashkirs. Baş — head, beginning; qort — circle, wolf, kin.

Balaq — a tributary, a sleeve, a trouser leg. From the same root as Swedish bolag — fellowship, association. In relation to the Kama, the Volga is a balaq, a tributary.

Boź / Boh — ice. In the eastern dialect — boh. From this comes Russian bog (God). God is ice, crystal, purity, frozen water that gives life.

Börö — a bud, a seed, a kernel; also the phallus. A symbol of beginning, of the forefather, of the All-Father.

Bürek — a cap, a headdress, a hood. Related to German burg, English borough. A city is a stone cap, a roof over people.

Gel — always, eternally, constantly. From this comes the idea of “constant”, “preservation”.

Din — religion. Related to English den — a cave. Religion is a cave, a circle, a common breath. Its opposite is dingeź — the sea, boundlessness, the absence of walls.

Yeź — brass, an alloy. Related to yeś — smell, iś — memory, iź — to knead, to mix. It denotes unity, joining.

Yetem — an orphan. From the root yetə — sufficiency, fullness. An orphan is the self-sufficient one, the one who himself becomes a forefather.

Ibrahim — Abraham. The father of nations. From ib — father, head, and rahmen — circle, frame. Ibrahim is Başqort, the first, universal father.

Iź (ETH, Ith)— to knead, to press, to mix. The root of iźel (a mixed river), “liquid”, “otter”, “bucket”, “wind”, “idea”. The world is created by mixing.

Idel (Ethel) — the Volga, the Itil. Not “big water”, but mixed water, a river of bond, a river of memory. Also the land of the noble, the patrimony.

Il — land, people, society. Related to el — God among the Semites. El and il are one: people and divinity as a whole.

Yoğa — it infects, it sticks. From this the Sanskrit yoga. Yoga is infection with good, adherence to truth.

Yön — wool, down. Related to yän — soul. From this English gentle — soft, tender; a gentleman is “soulful, soft”.

Yondoź — a star. In the eastern dialect — yondoh. A star is a little woolly one, a bit of fluff. The sky is a woollen blanket.

Qan — blood. Related to qana — house, roof, and qanat — wing. Blood is belonging to a circle, a kin, a house.

Qat — a layer, a stratum. Related to qatı — hard, rigid. From this Qatay, Cathay, the Yuezhi. The land of the firm, the land of order.

Qor — a circle, a kin, a gathering. Related to choir, court, core. The circle is the basis of life, defence and order.

Qort — a wolf, a worm; also curd (qorot). Related to worm, whorl. The wolf is the symbol of the kin, the chief beast.

Qura — a courtyard. Related to uram — a street, room — a chamber, court — a courtyard, a court. A courtyard is an enclosed circle.

Quray — a reed, a flute. Related to quźay — God, a blacksmith. A source of sound, a creating pipe.

Quźay / Khoday — God. The earlier form is quźay (from quź — a coal, a spark). A vocative form, like atay from ata. The Creator, the Blacksmith.

Kük — the sky, the blue. In Swedish kuk — the male member. The Kök Türks — the heavenly detachments; sky and phallus are one axis.

Köźäy — a Bashkir clan; related to Turkish kuzey — north. The North is the side of God, the side of the ancestors.

Kömöş — silver; also the female sexual organs. Kömöş-alma — a mandarin, a silver apple, a symbol of the feminine principle.

Moñ — an inner melody, a tune, a harmony; unison, consonance, singing together, agreement. It is the sound that gathers many into one. The root of mullah, buddha, muse, music. Compare mono — one, single, and moon — the moon, that which is whole and one. The inner melody is the hidden unity of the world.

Maha — majestic; great; a great quantity. A root connected with the idea of multitude, gatheredness, elevation.

Mahayıw — to exalt oneself; to boast; to be haughty; arrogance. Derived from maha. Elevation that turns into pride.

Mähäbät / Mökhäbbät — love; elevated feelings. Mökhäbbät is love as a creative force; Mähäbät is love as a lofty, majestic feeling. Both are linked to the root of greatness and the uplift of the heart.

Nar — the north (Old Norse nar — a corpse, the motionless one). Nardugan — born of the North; Christmas.

Os — a point, a top, flight. Related to oslo — sharp, osto — sharp (dialect). An arrow, a thorn, teaching.

Sübäk — tow, oakum, combed fibre; eloquence. Related to tow (tow-rope, oakum), suf — wool. A poet, a rhetor who spins the word.

Tarta — it pulls, it drags. Tartar — the father’s house that pulls. Titan — “the stretching one”. The pull toward the beginning.

Täñre — the sky, the dawn, the light. From tañ — dawn. Related to täre — cross. Tengrism is the veneration of the cross, an early Christianity.

Täre — a cross. An equilateral solar sign, a symbol of light.

Täü — first, the beginning. Related to tow — tow-rope, cable. The Teucrians — täü kir, the first people of the earth.

Tör / Törk — to twist; a detachment, a group. Törk is not a people, but a military brotherhood. From this “Turk”, “Greek”, “party”.

Tora — it stands; life, law. Tora — erection, lingam, axis. In Hebrew the Torah is the Law.

Ural — twisted, wound. From uraw — to wind, to roll. The Ural is an axis, a scroll, a rope, a cable.

Urıś — a pugnacious man, a warrior, a mercenary. Rus is not an ethnonym, but a profession: a warrior, a contract soldier.

Haw / Hyw — water. Hyw — standing, stagnant water; aq hyw — clean, flowing water. From this aqua, eau.

Homay — the daughter of the Sun, a mother goddess. Related to home — a home. The maternal principle.

Hul — left. Related to soul — the soul. The left side is the side of the heart, of Shulgan.

Shulgan — the elder brother of Ural; the left side, the soul, the water. Not an enemy, but the second half of being.

Ö — the first sound, the first breath. Firmness, density, separateness. The base of language.

Öy — a house, a dwelling. Related to Swedish ö — an island. The oikumene is the inhabited world gathered around the house.

Öś / Öh — a surface, the upper side. In dialect — öh. The base of firmness.

Äźäm — earth, man. Adam is the personification of the earth. Äźäm and Hawa — earth and sky.

Äyt — say, speak. From äy — a call, and it — to do. The first word born of call-and-response.

Äye — yes. English aye. The ancient affirmative answer.